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The Chill Wind from Throgmorton Street

BEFORE the sharp rally on Wednesday this week, the market price of Burmah Oil was 107s. 6d. and Rolls-Royce was quoted at 74s. 3d. At the beginning of the previous week, when a chill wind from Throgmorton Street first began to hit speculative investors, the market had valued these two "blue chip" shares at 126s. 3d. and 87s. respectively, and these were typical illustrations of the sudden general slump in equities which had brought the *Financial Times* index of Ordinary industrial shares down from 196 on February 11 to under 180 this Tuesday—a fall of 8 per cent. Fears of war and the H-bomb, fears of a further rise in Bank rate and tighter conditions for credit, fears that Mr. Butler may, after all, disappoint rosy hopes of tax cuts—all these factors had combined, in the past week, to burst the stockmarket boom. Holders of shares have seen the paper value of their holdings shrink disquietingly; and many plans to buy a new car, a new mink or even a new fridge have had to be abandoned. It is the first time for some years that the British middle-class has felt painfully the impact of governmental policies on its nest-eggs.

If the much-vaunted "prosperity in freedom" of the Tories appears to have evaporated overnight, the cause is not far to seek. This country—and not merely stockmarket speculators—is now paying the price for the irresponsible scrapping of controls on which the Government has gambled. With the terms of trade reversing their previous trend and now moving steadily against us, and with exports failing to match the rise in imports, the partly free market in sterling has had to be supported expensively by the Exchange Equalisation Account; and that, despite the cautious increase in Bank rate last month. City Editors in the popular press have warned the small man to "get out from under"; and he has been quick to take the advice. The consequence, with large institutional investors "holding off," has been the present market slump.

Horrified at the results of the economic liberalisation for which it clamoured, the *Economist*, we observe, now urges the Conservatives to go to the country ere worse befall. There may be force in this cynical argument. Yet it is possible that the cold draughts from Throgmorton Street are not an altogether ill wind for Mr. Butler. Huge, tax-free stockmarket profits have been, for the past year or more, one of the big elements in the inflationary pressure of money on supplies of goods, and have presented the Labour Party with cogent arguments for including in their electoral programme the promise of a tax on capital gains. With Throgmorton Street chastened, the Chancellor might well be more inclined to risk the sort of "easy" Budget for which he has compelling electoral motives.

It is, of course, impossible for the outsider to judge how much official support sterling is requiring; but unless things get much worse, there seems little need for *both* a 4½ per cent. Bank rate (which the City is expecting) *and* a deflationary Budget. The Estimates, published this week, of total expenditure forecast for 1955-56 are practically the same as a year ago; and Mr. Butler can rely on a revenue substantially expanded by 1954-55 profits. Technically, therefore, he may be in a position to make some tax concessions; and a popular Budget—coupled with a demonstration that demands for a tax on wicked speculative profits have missed the bus—represents precisely the economic climate which the Tory managers would like. Its onset indeed, if it does materialise, may enable them to hold an election before dear money and tighter credit have begun to affect adversely the volume of investment—and hence, at one remove, full employment.

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

R. H. S. Crossman and George Wigg

THE DILEMMA OF THE H-BOMB

(Editorial Comment on Page 267)

Election in Andhra

By Kingsley Martin

Ben Gurion Out of the Wilderness

The unexpected return of David Ben Gurion from his desert settlement to the Israeli Cabinet looks like a triumph for his successor, Mr. Sharret, under whom he will now serve as Defence Minister. For months Israeli public opinion has been distracted by a controversy between Activists and Co-existers which has cut across normal party divisions, split Mapai, the official Labour Party, into warring factions, and undermined confidence in the Government. This controversy first centred round the policy, advocated by the Army, of massive retaliation against Arab infiltrators. Mr. Sharret, who leads the Co-existers, throttled these raids down when he became Premier—and pacified the frontier. Mr. Lavon, the shrewd politician who took over Defence when Ben Gurion withdrew, thereat displayed a quite unexpected bellicosity which won him applause both from Beguin, the Irgun terrorist who leads the Herut party, and from Ygel Alon, who has recently emerged as the leader of a new Left-wing Activist group. Alarm at the effects of the British withdrawal from Suez and Mr. Dulles's decision to rearm Iraq widened the controversy to the issue of Israel's relations with the West. Mr. Sharret was for sweet reasonableness, but Mr. Lavon publicly took a tough line. The climax was reached when it was strongly rumoured that the Cairo spy trials had uncovered a Jewish sabotage organisation, linked with the Israeli Ministry of Defence, of which the Premier had been kept in ignorance. Whatever the truth of these rumours, Mr. Sharret became convinced that his Minister of Defence was intriguing to succeed him and hoping for Ben Gurion's tacit support. He got rid of Lavon and persuaded Ben Gurion to serve under him, thereby strengthening his policy of co-existence and ensuring a Mapai victory in the forthcoming elections. If Ben Gurion is the Jewish Churchill, it looks as though Sharret has now earned himself the right to be called the Attlee of Israel.

The Value of Empiricism

It is perhaps wearisome to point once again, as the Seato statesmen confer in Bangkok, to the hazards of Western interference in Asian affairs without the support of the most important Asian Powers. But Pibul Songgram's claim earlier this week, so reminiscent of Syngman Rhee, that the Chinese are concentrating troops for aggression on Siam, gives added emphasis to two particular hazards. In the first place, puppet rulers, who may depend for their continued support on fomenting hysterical anti-Communism cannot themselves be trusted not to endanger the peace—least of all when guaranteed by massive retaliatory force. Secondly, a number of Asian countries, if left to themselves, may expect to suffer internal disturbance as they cast off the shackles of imperialism or feudalism. To guarantee, for instance, the rotten and lovely lotus-land of Siam against social change, even if it should be accompanied by violence, is both to do wrong and to court general war. The trend of U.S. policy in recent months seems to have been, however ineptly executed, towards the removal of ambiguity. That in itself may be a desirable objective, if the realities thus exposed are tolerable ones. But to remove the ambiguities of U.S. policy in South-East Asia must inevitably involve a military commitment to political systems which are both undesirable and impermanent: a commitment, in other words, to almost certain war in a bad cause. We trust that Sir Anthony Eden understands (and can make Mr. Dulles understand) that, in all the circumstances, empiricism may be a more desirable element in Western policy towards South-East Asia than the guarantee of rigid lines of demarcation with nuclear deterrents.

Monopoly Prices for Oil

Did the U.N. Secretary-General, under pressure from undisclosed quarters, forbid the publication of a study of oil prices compiled by the Economic Commission for Europe? Newspaper reports from Geneva suggest that Mr. Hammarskjöld did indeed take this action—on the ground that the question of oil prices is one which goes beyond the scope of Europe. This is a curious argument, since the operations of oil cartels in price fixing are clearly a matter highly relevant to the European economy. In fact, it is difficult to believe that the E.C.E. study could have revealed much that is not already known. There is now no longer any free market price in oil, anywhere in the world; even the Gulf of Mexico price, which is supposedly a market quotation, is a price "ringed" by the Texas oil producers. Texan costs, it is generally accepted, are more than double those of Middle East oil. If, however, Aramco sold its oil in the United States at a price reflecting Middle East costs, there would be a clamour from Texas for a protective tariff. It clearly pays Aramco much better to sell all its oil in America at the Gulf price. As for markets outside the U.S., if Aramco sold in Europe at "Middle East" prices, the U.S. Administration would immediately be assailed with complaints from American consumers that the oil cartel was exercising a "discriminating monopoly" against their interests. Hence, as Dr. Myrdal's team doubtless concluded, Europe is being bled by needlessly high monopolistic oil prices. It is estimated that if countries other than the U.S. were allowed to purchase oil at its real economic price, there would be a saving of $400m. annually in the "rest of the world's" dollar expenditure.

The New Coal Board

Last week's reorganisation of the National Coal Board was based on a critical report by a committee of investigation presided over by Dr. Fleck, the chairman of I.C.I. Far from supporting the policy of decentralisation which the Tories advocated while in Opposition, the committee appeared to favour a still more centralised policy. The old Board was criticised for failure both to work together as a team and to insist on collective policy being implemented by the Divisions and Areas. The staff of Hobart House was pronounced to be both deficient in quality and too small for the duties which fall upon it in modernising the industry and bringing a properly balanced managerial structure into being. Substantial increases in the salaries of Board members (and, inferentially, of other high officials) were recommended in order to attract the best men in competition with private industry. Full-time Board members, the report concluded, should be responsible each for a particular department, as well as collectively for general policy; but they should not be heads of departments. The Board as a whole should take a stiffer line in imposing policies and in enforcing their acceptance throughout the coalfields.

All this was evidently the expression of a desire to assimilate the N.C.B. as far as possible in its working to the practice of big capitalist business. It is therefore contrary to the spirit in which nationalisation was meant to be carried out when a Labour Government introduced it. Socialists certainly meant nationalisation to be a step in the direction of equality, and not a mere reproduction of the hierarchical structure of large-scale capitalist enterprise. It may be true that the Board has not been forthright enough in laying down new policies and in enforcing them on the Divisions and Areas; but one reason for this is that the recalcitrance of Area managers and, in some cases, of Divisional boards has been encouraged by Tory attacks on the alleged over-centralisation of the structure. Finally, the report appears to demand of the N.U.M. a greater acceptance of responsibility for disciplining its own members—a dangerous demand, especially if, as the committee recommends, fewer trade unionists are to be appointed to "staff" posts and there is to be a sharper distinction between "staff" and rank-and-file employees. We trust that the new Board will think twice before it bases its policy on ignoring the difference in terms of human relations between capitalist business and a great public enterprise meant to be conducted democratically for the common benefit.

PARIS

Dead Centre

Our Paris Correspondent writes: After two attempts to form a Right-Centre government, the Assembly last week tried, and failed, to form a Left-Centre one. Basically, the *tentative Pineau* was an attempt by the Left-Centre "Europeans" to re-create the old M.R.P.-Socialist alliance—what M. Guy Mollet calls the "Social and Democratic Front." As such, it was doomed to failure from the start. The composition of the Cabinet, which included 21 deputies who voted for E.D.C. and only six who voted against, gave it a predominently "European" character and, as the vote of last August 30 showed, there is no majority in the Assembly for such a Government. M. Pineau might conceivably have succeeded if he had been prepared to sacrifice the Socialist economic programme in exchange for the Right-wing "European" vote, but such a manœuvre would never have been accepted by his own party. As it was, some 30 anti-E.D.C. Socialist Deputies privately announced their intention of voting against M. Pineau if he showed the slightest signs of obtaining a majority.

After this, a return to the Centre. The choice of M. Edgar Faure was logical; he has swum carefully with the tide during the last two years and he has the useful reputation of being all things to all men. Moreover, as the first two weeks of the crisis have revealed, the political balance of the Assembly has now shifted from Right-Centre to Centre. This is due to the impact of Mendès-France on public opinion in

general and on Radical electors in particular. The new centre of gravity, however, is very much a "dead" centre—in every sense of the word. Although a Government consisting mainly of Centre personalities is the only one that can be formed, there is still no indication that the Assembly is prepared to accept genuine Centre policies. In other words, the Assembly wants a return to the *immobilisme* of M. Laniel provided that the men who preside over it have a faintly progressive reputation. Hence the Assembly's acceptance, on Wednesday, of M. Faure.

There are, however, two exceptions to the above rule. First, it is now generally agreed that there should be some sort of wage-increase in April. Secondly, there is a strong, though by no means universal, desire that the Tunisian negotiations should be completed in roughly their present form, though there is reason to fear that the new Tunisian constitution, like the Statute of Algeria, will remain largely a dead letter.

MALAYA

What Language in the Council?

A Singapore Correspondent writes: The elections in April will see the end of the present Legislative Council, with its predominance of nominated and official members. With the prospect of a new Council, consisting in the main of elected members, a topic of keen discussion now is the question of multi-lingualism for the new Legislature. The Rendel Commission, which sat last year on the question of self-government for Singapore, called upon all representative bodies, and individuals, to submit their opinions on all matters connected with the proposed alteration to the Constitution of Singapore. Neither during the sittings of the Commission, nor when the Report was made public, was the subject of multi-lingualism an issue. It is perfectly true that several organisations did submit memoranda advocating the use of a language other than English; but multi-lingualism was never mentioned and certainly was not advocated either by Labour leaders or by the Chinese Chamber of Commerce (of Singapore) who have now become the leaders in this campaign. But a debate, the last of the present Council, was recently initiated by the Labour Councillors. One, who was a member of the Rendel Commission and who apparently agreed with his colleagues at the time that multi-lingualism would be impractical, explained this in the debate by saying that he agreed with the Commission so as not to disturb its beautiful unanimity!

The case for multi-lingualism is now being based on the claim that, without it, the people's choice of representative is restricted; and Mr. Tan Chin Tuan (representing the Chinese Chamber of Commerce) expressed the Chamber's view that in seeking the removal of the language barrier it had the interests of all races at heart. He read extracts from the Chamber's petition to the Queen in Council, in which it pointed out that the Chinese formed 80 per cent. of the population of Singapore and 60 per cent. of the electorate. He associated himself with the contention that, as far as is practicable, other languages and especially that of the majority should be permitted. The Colonial Secretary replied that, for the Council, a multi-lingual system was impracticable; no Speaker could possibly control debates if they were carried out in four languages. When put to the vote, the Labour motion was defeated by thirteen votes (9 official and 4 nominated) to five. Except for the Labour Councillors, most party leaders were absent when the division was taken.

WESTMINSTER

Whose Guilt?

There stands on the Order Paper of the House of Commons a Motion signed by over 100 Labour Members headed by Aneurin Bevan. After certain impeccable sentiments about the Hydrogen bomb, the Motion deplores the Government's refusal to press for Four-Power talks before ratification of German rearmament. The placing of Motions on the Order Paper is a recognised parliamentary gambit. Unless a motion is sponsored by the Government or official Opposition it is not expected to be discussed. It is a device whereby Members advertise their views, and no one, neither Whips nor Front Bench, can prevent a Member from using this channel. Why, therefore, if over 100 Members hold the views expressed in the Motion, should they not utilise one of the traditional methods of expressing them? Why is the Parliamentary Labour Party so concerned about this particular Motion? The answer lies, of course, in the history of another Motion, which was widely reported in the press. The week before last the Parliamentary Labour Party rejected a resolution moved by Aneurin Bevan urging that the Party should demand immediate Four-Power talks on Germany based on the recent Russian broadcast, which hinted rather imprecisely at the possibility of free all-German elections. The meeting went on to agree unanimously that the Government be pressed to seek clarification of the Russian broadcast without prejudice to ratification.

Could agreement have been reached on the lines of a statement previously made by Clement Attlee, in which he had suggested that talks and ratification should go forward together? In doggedly refusing compromise on these lines, the leadership not only shifted Party policy but deliberately rejected the unifying formula. Reprehensible though this may be, it is, however, no excuse for seeking to use the Order Paper of the House of Commons as a division list for Party meetings. Bevan shows a fundamental irresponsibility in his refusal to accept the majority decisions at the Party meeting, which must be taken in secret if we are to be able to fight our issues and subsequently take concerted action upon them. Indeed, in this case the manoeuvre has kicked back on the signatories of the Motion. The newspapers tell us that Bevan's resolution at the Party meeting was defeated by ninety-three votes to seventy. But over one hundred Members signed the Motion on the Order Paper—enough to have passed it had they chosen to vote at the Party meeting. So it seems that over one-third of the Members who have rushed to sign the Order Paper did not trouble to record their vote when policy was being decided where it should be decided—at the Party meeting. Had they done so, the policy which they are now belatedly demanding would have been the official policy of the Party. In these circumstances they would doubtlessly have protested vigorously at any attempt by the Right-wing to reopen the battle on the Order Paper of the House of Commons.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

The H-bomb: A Fearful Choice

WE publish this week a remarkable survey of Britain's Defence dilemma contributed by R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., and George Wigg, M.P. In the following columns they subject the Government's policies to a searching analysis, concluding unanswerably that, in terms alike of manpower, production and strategy, our vast expenditure on Defence during the past three years has been an absurd and largely irredeemable failure. They then turn to the particular problem of the H-bomb and consider the policy, announced in last week's Defence White Paper, of building it in Britain.

It is important to note that they have concentrated their argument on Europe, and have dealt only in passing with the very different problems likely to arise in Asia. But the choices which lie before us in the West are stated with salutary candour:

1. The H-bomb can be added to our existing armoury, without any radical change in either strategy or armament. This appears to be the Government's policy.
2. Britain can renounce the H-bomb and with it, in effect, the Nato alliance.
3. Accepting the arrival of the H-bomb as a fact—the deduction is made that it has already, in all likelihood, been constructed in Britain—we must reshape both our armoury and our policy to take into account the new weapon, and to make as certain as possible that its unlimited force is used for deterrent and not destructive purposes.

Crossman and Wigg go boldly—though reluctantly—for the third of these choices, arguing that the policy of neutrality is both too final an abnegation of Great Power responsibility and, more immediately, might deny us (in return for an advantage which, while the U.S. and the Soviet Union still hold the bomb, must remain speculative) the opportunity of making the fullest contribution to a settlement in the West. Such a settlement might, they believe, be more easily achieved under the shadow of a nuclear deterrent than it has been hitherto.

Opinions will certainly be divided about the morality, as well as the expediency, of this controversial conclusion, which represents the personal view of the authors. Whether or not our readers agree that it affords a proper line of policy for the Labour Party at this moment, we trust that they will subject it to careful, objective scrutiny; and, in particular, that they will recognise the logical force with which the choice is presented.

The Government's policy of merely adding the H-bomb to our existing armoury is indefensible politically, militarily and economically. It is no more than a political shift to conceal failure. The real choice is either to accept, as do Crossman and Wigg, the logic of our existing alliance and the obligation of one final attempt to make Nato into an instrument of co-existence: that, they argue, means accepting nuclear strategy in Europe. Or—if, as may well be the case, our readers judge that course to be either morally or strategically indefensible—to withdraw from Nato and retire into neutrality: perhaps the defensively armed neutrality of Sweden—in the hope that we might be able to use our political acumen and industrial strength to exert the same sort of influence in the West that India exercises in the East. The more sharply that choice is presented, and the more frankly it is discussed by NEW STATESMAN readers and others, the more likely is Socialist opinion to play an effective part in shaping new policies for Britain in the thermo-nuclear age.

The Dilemma of the H-Bomb

NEWSPAPER headlines have created the impression that the 1955 Defence White Paper is a revolutionary document. The reverse is the case. The reader who gets beyond the nuclear platitudes of the first pages and studies the detailed proposals for the three Services will discover that the H-bomb has not shaken a prejudice or undermined a vested interest in Whitehall. Having admitted that the whole nature of war has been transformed and that the survival of humanity is threatened by nuclear weapons, the Government placidly concludes that this calls for no change in policy. Our strategic dispositions, the balance between the three Services, our production programmes—all can go on as before. In 1955, the Navy, the Army and the Air Force will each receive roughly the same cut of much the same £1,600m. cake. True, £70m. (as compared with £29m. last year) is allocated to Civil Defence. But even here any policy decision has been postponed. "The advent of the hydrogen bomb calls for an entirely new approach," says the White Paper. "But," it adds (in the same week as a full report by the American Civil Defence Commissioner on the precise effects of an H-bomb explosion), "the Government have not yet been able with the information in their possession finally to assess the implications of the latest weapon developments." Mr. Macmillan has enough information to go ahead with the production of an H-bomb, but not enough to make up his mind how to defend the British people against its effects.

What transformed the situation in 1954 was the discovery in both Russia and America of a cheap method of producing an H-bomb triggered by an A-bomb. Whereas the manufacture of the fission weapon is enormously complex and expensive, the passage to the fusion weapon is now horrifyingly easy and cheap; and Sir George Thomson is probably right when he argues that it would be almost impossible to control by international inspection. It is therefore almost certain that, while Socialist back-benchers were seeking to insert into the Atomic Energy Bill a clause forbidding the Government to make the H-bomb without Parliamentary consent, production had already begun. The question, therefore, which faces the Labour Opposition today is not whether it should oppose the making of a British H-bomb in the future, but whether, having invested the enormous manpower and resources necessary to trigger the bomb, we are now to forbid the continued manufacture of the bomb itself. Since it was the Labour Government which began the development of nuclear weapons, Sir Winston can hardly be blamed for not halting that development. What the Opposition should attack is his readiness merely to add the H-bomb to the armaments of our traditional Services without admitting that it has made nonsense of our whole defence policy. Planning is still based, not on the strategic and economic realities, but on two politically convenient fallacies: (1) the illusion that, since 1950, Nato has been growing stronger *vis-à-vis* the Eastern Bloc, and (2) the hope that Britain from her own resources can produce all the armaments of a modern Great Power.

With one notable exception, the strategic principles presented in this White Paper are unchanged from those of last year. The change comes in paragraph 22. "Even allowing for the essential German contribution, the free world cannot put into the front line anything comparable to this [Soviet] strength in conventional forces . . . If we do not use the full weight of our nuclear power, Europe can hardly be protected from invasion." This, of course, is an allusion to the decision of the Nato Council last December to go ahead with the equipment of the S.H.A.P.E. forces with tactical nuclear bombs and atomic artillery. The White Paper concurs in this decision to outlaw conventional war in Europe. The only war which Nato will in future be capable of waging is nuclear war; and the White Paper admits that, if that comes, this country will be indefensible.

ILLUSION OF "PEACE THROUGH STRENGTH"

Apparently the Government hopes that, by boldly conceding this *reductio ad absurdum*, it will somehow divert attention from its absurdity, or at least suggest that it is an inevitable development, forced on the Nato Powers by factors outside their control. The White Paper tries to give the impression that the Western democracies were steadily building up "a position of strength" until suddenly the appearance of the H-bomb exposed us to a new peril. The truth is very different. Ever since 1945, Britain and America have relied on their ascendancy in Science and nuclear weapons to offset Communist superiority in conventional warfare. Indeed, their whole strategy was based on the declared policy of atomising Russia's war potential if ever the Red Army launched a conventional attack towards the West. When the first Russian atomic explosion took place in 1949, the reaction of President Truman—against which there was no British protest—was to announce that America would go one better and make the H-bomb. This decision, as we now know from the Oppenheimer Transcript, was not taken lightly, but after six months of secret discussions in Washington. During these discussions the leading atomic scientists unanimously warned the Administration of the perils which reliance on the H-bomb would involve. Rightly foreseeing that a thermo-nuclear armament race would only add to the insecurity and disunity of the West, they recommended that the United States should concentrate on the development of atomic tactical weapons, which could be used in the land defence of Europe, and proposed that the President should offer the Russians a self-policing convention, forbidding the manufacture of the H-bomb. Their advice was regarded as defeatist; Oppenheimer himself was ultimately forbidden to serve the Government and ranked as a bad security risk; and the doctrine of "mobile massive retaliation" was formally promulgated by Mr. Dulles a few weeks before the Bikini series of tests began.

The suggestion, therefore, that the H-bomb has presented the Western Powers with a sudden and unpredictable emergency is palpably absurd. If it has made nonsense of Nato strategy—as it certainly has—that nonsense should have been foreseen in 1950. Then, and not a few months ago, was the time for Sir Winston to declare that the evolution of modern warfare was making the Suez Base obsolescent, and to tell the Territorial Army that the anti-aircraft guns they were manning had become an anachronism. And if it is argued that it was impossible to foresee the speed with which the Russians have caught us up in the nuclear arms race, the answer is simple. It is irresponsible to base your strategy on the assumption that those you seek to terrorise with weapons of mass destruction will continue meekly to accept their position of inferiority. The blunt fact is that Britain and America have been gambling for nine years on the technological backwardness of the Soviet Union. Now that this gamble has failed—as it was bound sooner or later to fail—*our atomic Maginot Line has been turned.*

This miscalculation, however, is only the beginning of the indictment. Since the Russians exploded their first A-bomb, the Nato Powers have expended vast sums in an effort to build up a conventional land defence of Western Europe and so to create a "second line position of strength." Yet, despite all these efforts, the effective ground and air strength of S.H.A.P.E. today is not sufficient to repel a conventional Russian attack, and the White Paper frankly confesses that the addition of twelve German divisions to General Gruenther's forces will not make much difference. Not only have we failed to maintain our qualitative (as well as our quantitative) lead in nuclear warfare; we have also failed to reduce significantly the Communist lead in conventional armies. So we are faced with a painful dilemma. If, in a general war, we have recourse to nuclear weapons, we shall commit national suicide. But if we forswear them, the Red Army, whenever it wanted to, could reach the Atlantic seaboard at about the same time that the Chinese armies entered Singapore and Rangoon.

BRITAIN'S MILITARY WEAKNESS

Of this position of weakness, despite five years of intensive rearmament, Britain is the extreme example. The decline took place in two stages. First, under the Labour Government, a frantic effort was made to prepare for what was then assumed to be an imminent Russian aggression in Europe. A short-term increase of manpower was achieved by jeopardising the long-term strength of the Regular Army, and the three Services were put into the same kind of readiness by equipping them in a makeshift fashion with what were admittedly obsolescent arms.

When Sir Winston took over in October, 1951, he at first continued and re-emphasised the "short haul" policy of the Labour Government. Convinced that a Russian parachute assault on these islands was a real risk, he introduced the Home Guard Bill, which has produced no military advantage and merely wasted money. He also directed that military training schools, depots and establishments should raise mobile columns for combatant roles, thereby substantially reducing their efficiency. Finally, he ordered the immediate raising of seven extra battalions, which had to be disbanded three years later.

By the time the first Conservative Defence Budget was presented in February 1952, however, Sir Winston had changed his mind. He now cut back the "short haul" programme, on the assumption that the imminent danger of war had receded and that we had time to prepare ourselves carefully and deliberately for a full-scale atomic war. That war, we were told in last year's Defence White Paper, "would begin with a period

NEXT WEEK

Subsidies and Farm Prices

An important analysis of this aspect of British agricultural policy by

E. M. H. LLOYD, C.B., C.M.G.

formerly Under-Secretary, Ministry of Food

ALSO

Ivy Compton-Burnett

by V. S. PRITCHETT

of intense atomic attacks, lasting a relatively short time, but inflicting great destruction and damage. If no decisive results were reached in this opening phase, hostilities would decline in intensity . . . and a period of 'broken-backed' war would follow." This convenient assumption got the best of both worlds. It permitted the Chiefs of Staff to assume that "the primary deterrent remains the atomic bomb and the ability of the highly organised and trained U.S. strategic air power to use it." Yet it also encouraged them to contribute even more heavily to the conventional Nato armies in Europe, and to insist that German rearmament was still essential to our security.

Some forty divisions, including 4½ British and 12 German, were to provide the shield which would take the first Russian blow. This would give time for the Reserve divisions to be mobilised and, in the case of Britain, shipped across to Antwerp, which was to become the Suez of Western Europe. Vast sums were also expended on the infrastructure, including the pipelines, airfields and installations for a tactical air force to co-operate with the land armies. And finally, conventional navies were maintained to repeat the convoy work of World War II and ensure the passage of men, food and equipment across the Atlantic. Last autumn, under the London Agreement, a solemn promise was made to maintain the British forces on the Continent in perpetuity, as the price for obtaining French consent to German rearmament.

This concentration on the Nato build-up was unrealistic even when we were still thinking in terms of conventional warfare. Without a huge German national army, to which the French would never have agreed, S.H.A.P.E. was only a façade, and its armies added little to the atomic deterrent of the U.S. strategic air force. Since the Nato decision to outlaw conventional war, S.H.A.P.E., in its present form, has become irrelevant to British security. What do we gain by keeping 4½ divisions and a tactical air force in Europe if the only defence of these islands is, as the White Paper states, the deterrent threat of the H-bomb? If the fate of Britain will be settled in the first thirty hours, why maintain an elaborate organisation for calling up twelve Territorial divisions to reinforce our troops in Germany? Is it supposed that, in conditions of nuclear warfare, the men could be mobilised and equipped, moved to the ports and there embarked? And if some of them did reach the Continent, would not their main base at Antwerp have been wiped out before their arrival? The whole Nato apparatus of land defence and the British contribution to it are as obsolete as the A.A. guns round London, which Mr. Macmillan has scrapped.

We can see another example of this costly refusal to face the facts in the Middle East. Since last year's Defence debate, the Suez Base has been declared obsolete by Sir Winston, and the withdrawal of all fighting troops is under way. No one in Washington or London seriously believes that, in the event of general war, British, American or Australian divisions would once again be shipped to Suez and moved forward from there to defend the oilfields against Russian attack. Yet the withdrawal from Suez has been followed by the solemn designation of Cyprus as British Middle East Headquarters, and nearly £40m. is being spent on constructing barracks, airfields and hospitals on an island even more vulnerable than Suez to nuclear attack. In military terms this expenditure is ludicrous. It is a political extravaganza, whose only purpose is to keep the Union Jack flying somewhere in the Levant.

THE CASE FOR NEUTRALITY

The foregoing analysis shows that "peace through strength" has been a costly illusion and that the Russian development of nuclear weapons has further accelerated the decline in Western strength *vis-à-vis* the Communist Bloc. What should be the British reaction to our new defencelessness? There are three possibilities.

(1) To maintain our existing policy unchanged and merely to add to our armoury of weapons the H-bomb and the means to deliver it.

(2) To withdraw from Nato into an armed neutrality.

(3) To remain a member of Nato and seek to develop a diplomacy and Defence policy related to the realities which face us.

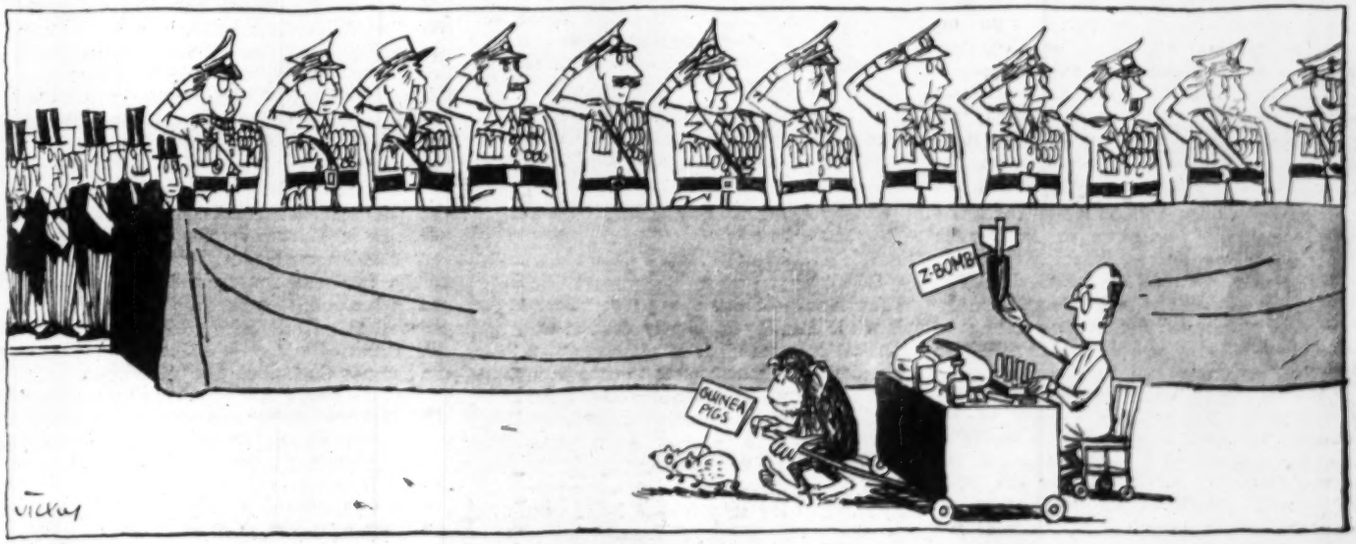
The first of these possibilities is that chosen by the Government. We shall see below, in our account of aircraft production, that it would make impossible demands on British industry. Here, however, we are concerned with its strategic and political implications. A few British nuclear weapons and V-bombers would not add significantly to the American deterrent and would merely waste our resources. If Britain's security now depends, as the Government suggests, almost exclusively on Nato strength, then the sensible course would be to integrate all Britain's defences into the American defence system and all Britain's war production into the American war machine, as was done in World War II. In an integrated Atlantic Defence system, no one would dream of suggesting that Britain should produce her own heavy bombers or guided missiles or maintain her own fleet of aircraft carriers. But the price of this fully integrated Atlantic defence is, of course, the final loss of British independence. We should become literally an American aircraft carrier.

The second possibility would be to renounce our membership of Nato and to demand the withdrawal of the Americans from their bases in England. Neutrality of this kind, which would possibly remove the need for producing nuclear weapons or possessing a strategic air force, would have great advantages in terms of narrow, national self-interest. We should still be sheltered under the umbrella of the American strategic air force, and there is no reason to believe that the unity of the Commonwealth would be affected. The United Kingdom would be joining hands with India and adding one more to the number of nations uncommitted in the cold war.

It may well be that the United States will finally disrupt the Western alliance and force us into neutrality of this kind. Nevertheless, we believe that the dangers to world peace of this policy still outweigh its obvious advantages to the peoples of these islands, who at present are faced with certain destruction in the event of war. British neutrality would leave the United States and the Federal German Republic the arbiters of Europe's destiny. It is difficult to believe that, if Nato were run by a Washington-Bonn Axis, without the restraining influence of Britain, the world would be a safer place, or that the chances of high-level talks and of world disarmament would be increased by the abdication of power which our neutrality would involve. On balance, therefore, we believe that Britain should remain a member of Nato, and make one supreme effort, as a member of it and as the closest ally of the United States, to find a basis for peaceful co-existence.

BRITAIN'S ROLE IN NATO

If this is to be our role, it is difficult to deny Mr. Attlee's contention that Britain must share in the possession of the ultimate detefrent. While it was still possible to think in terms of conventional war (with or without atomic tactical weapons), Britain could reasonably leave the task of strategic bombing to the U.S., and concentrate her limited resources on building up the naval, land and tactical air forces which she anyway requires to fulfil her Nato and Commonwealth commitments.



March Past of the Troops

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The lesson of this costly failure in producing aircraft must be applied to British production as a whole. Since the 1950 rearmament race began, we have attempted to keep up with the vast productive resources of Russia and America. It was not, of course, supposed that we could have armed forces equal in size to theirs, but the effort was made to build up a British arms industry competing with theirs in quality. We would have fewer tanks, aircraft, submarines, aircraft carriers, etc.; but ours would be as modern and as efficient as theirs. Looking back at the results of British rearmament since 1950, one conclusion is clear. We may have produced prototypes as good as the American, though even that is not sure. But despite a gigantic financial outlay and diversion of skilled manpower for three years, the result has not justified the effort. By attempting to maintain the army, the navy and the air force of a Great Power we have overstrained our resources and achieved, not strength, but a military weakness far worse than that which Sir Winston exposed in the 1930s when he was campaigning against Neville Chamberlain and his notorious Defence Co-ordinator, Sir Thomas Inskip.

CIVIL DEFENCE AND THE ARMY

The logic of the Nato decision to rely on nuclear weapons has been stated by Field Marshal Montgomery. Since retaliation is certain, he argued, the organisation of the civilian population against nuclear attack is all-important. Indeed, it is clear that, if the Government believed in its strategy, Sir Winston would at once give super-priority to two things—the Strategic Air Force and Civil Defence. That is not the policy of the White Paper. For every pound spent on Civil Defence in 1955, £22 will be spent on the fighting Services; and of the £70m. which it obtains, half is devoted to building up strategic stockpiles of food, oil and other essential raw materials. The only firm decisions reached in the White Paper are (*i*) that some 30,000 conscripts will now receive one month's whole-time training during their period of National Service and then form the 48 Reserve battalions of a Mobile Defence Corps; and (*ii*) that all National Service men will receive "training in elementary civil defence duties as part of their normal military training." Decisions on the two most important issues—evacuation and shelter policy—are again postponed; and the proposal that Civil Defence should become the fourth arm of war, with a Service Minister in the Defence Committee, has been rejected. The importance which the Government attaches to Civil Defence can be measured by the fact that expenditure on the Navy in this year's estimates, at £347m., is just five times that allowed to the protection of the civilian population against a nuclear attack, in which even the White Paper admits that "central and local government would be put out of action, partially or wholly."

The 1954 White Paper put the total active

strength of the Forces on 1 April, 1955, at 844,300. The 1955 White Paper amends the estimate to 823,300, and then forecasts a total strength on 1 April, 1956, of 788,000. This fall in strength is the measure of the failure of the Government's Regular recruiting policy. Insufficient Regular recruits enlisted (there were 83,629 male recruits in 1953 as against 74,980 in 1954), and the gamble that those already in the Forces would prolong their service has failed.

The White Paper recognises the problem, but has no remedy to offer. It is politically difficult, of course, for the Government to admit that the new "three years with the Colours and four years with the Reserve" engagement has failed. What was expected of this reform was revealed by the Secretary of State for War when he told the Commons on 9 March, 1953: "We shall be all right if 33 per cent. of the three-year men stay for six years." It is now reasonably certain that the rate of prolongation is not exceeding 10 per cent. This failure to raise Regular recruits and to persuade those in the Army to prolong their service means that the Government decision to continue the period of two years National Service is inevitable. Nor is there any prospect of a decrease, despite the reduction of commitments through the Anglo-Egyptian settlement, until Regular internal and external recruiting can be improved. Alone among the Commonwealth countries and the founder members of Nato, Britain must continue to bear the burden of two years' compulsory service.

Conclusions

(1) The Government has concurred in the Nato decision to rely on nuclear weapons and begun itself to manufacture a British H-bomb. It admits, however, that this leaves the United Kingdom well-nigh defenceless if the deterrent fails.

(2) The claim that Atlantic rearmament has built up a position of strength for the West is false. Moreover, it is now admitted in the White Paper that twelve German divisions will not change the balance of power. Nevertheless, for political reasons the Nine-Power Treaty is to be ratified and implemented.

(3) Apart from a token increase in the Civil Defence Estimates, British strategy and defence policy remain unchanged in 1955.

(4) Owing to a fantastic over-estimate of the capacities of the aircraft and electronics industries, an expenditure of nearly £800m. on military aircraft has left us almost defenceless in the air. Nor is there any early prospect of the R.A.F.'s having enough British bombers to deliver effectively the British H-bomb.

(5) Failure of the production programme is matched by failure of Regular recruiting, which is so grave that a two-year period of National Service will be required to maintain the Army at a reduced strength.

(6) Unless submitted to ruthless war-time controls, our economy cannot provide the multiplicity of arms required by a modern Great Power. Efficiency requires concentration on the production of fewer weapons.

(7) Only if we withdraw from Nato can Britain afford to renounce nuclear weapons. But we should not accept a policy of neutrality unless we are driven to it.

(8) The manufacture of the H-bomb and of the means of delivering it will require drastic reductions in the rest of our production programme. Such cuts could only be made if our strategy were revolutionised on the premise that the defence of Europe and the Middle East by conventional land and naval forces has been outdated by nuclear warfare. *Once this premise is accepted, our Asian and African commitments could be amply covered by traditional methods without a two-year period of military service.*

(9) Ultimately the only way of achieving security for Britain is by means of an international settlement, including a solution of the German problem. The concept of nuclear neutralisation of a united Germany, from which all occupation forces have been withdrawn, provides a possible basis of East-West agreement. Such an agreement is an essential preliminary to any disarmament conference.

R. H. S. Crossman
George Wigg

London Diary

Listening last Monday, as one of the packed audience at the Central Hall, to the Bishop of Johannesburg's courageous and intellectually satisfying address on racial segregation in South Africa, I was especially struck by one passage. It is not enough, he observed, merely for men to love one another: they must learn to do justice. "Love can only be spelt out in terms of justice." Was Dr. Reeves conscious, I wonder, how closely he was echoing the words of the Social and Industrial Council of the Church Assembly in its report on M.R.A.? That report—brilliantly reviewed, incidentally, in last Sunday's *Observer* by Reinhold Niebuhr—criticises M.R.A. for discounting the seriousness of politics by reason of its "strong emphasis on love and unselfishness as personal qualities, but without any like emphasis on justice as a social quality." That is a terribly penetrating criticism; and exactly illuminated by the Bishop's scathing reference to those "sincere" supporters of *Apartheid* who claim that "all problems would be solved if only people would love one another." M.R.A. is, I am told, being increasingly used to deodorise the activities of the South African Government: it is not the first time it has been called in aid of political causes which do not place "any like emphasis on justice." Incidentally, nobody, not even one as ungodly as myself, could fail to be impressed by the unequivocal authority with which Dr. Reeves invoked Christian theology to condemn racial injustice. His concluding words —"Rampant injustice may stalk through South Africa, but God remains God. He is not mocked." —were spoken into an electric silence with great force of oratory. A force which was enormously increased by the unanimity between the Anglican, Roman and most of the Free Churches in canonical condemnation of *Apartheid*. But what of the Dutch Reformed Church? It is a terrible fact that on this issue the Christian God should face both ways.

* * *

Whatever may be the outcome of the dispute between British Railways and the B.B.C., I agree with William Salter, who on another page remarks on the importance of the public issue which it raises. That the rights of the camera may be in need of special care was vividly confirmed at the week-end by Miss Jill Craigie, who observed in a newspaper article that the film camera was habitually obstructed by the subtle form of censorship which arises from having to ask permission for facilities. At the same time, the public is growing more and more dependent on the camera as a source of information. Writing for the press, indeed, has been totally changed in recent years by the visual aids to which most daily and Sunday journalists can have recourse. Today, apart from films and television, some of the most popular papers convey the bulk of their news and propaganda through the eye of the camera. So if the freedom of the press is worth preserving at all, it must include the camera—which, as we all now know, can intrude, distort and lie no less public-spiritedly than the human scribe. It has, however, especially in the case of TV and the movies, one great disadvantage: it is apt to involve bulky apparatus which cannot be set up without the consent of the victim. Nor can anything much be done about this obvious opportunity for censorship unless public opinion really gets to work. There are, of course, limits to the legitimacy of photographic intrusion. But it will be easier to restrain a morbidly sensational press from intruding on the private affairs of private people if it is widely accepted that the private affairs of public institutions—like B.R. and the Royal family—are paid for by the public and are fair game for public curiosity—whether in the interests of efficiency or plain fun.

* * *

Everybody acquainted with Tony Wedgwood Benn and his beautiful wife must sympathise with their desire to escape the frustration of a peerage. Long before this most likeable and determined young M.P. will have contributed to politics a half of the talents that are in him, he will be obliged in the course of nature to retire to that stately mausoleum of political aspirations—the House of Lords. What a waste—no less deplorable because absurd! Nor is it any answer to claim that Wedgwood Benn's father, the incomparable Lord Stansgate, has succeeded in preserving both his personality and his integrity in the Upper House. Certainly it would require more than the combined solemnity of the Lords Temporal and Spiritual to repress the older Wedgwood Benn's wit and audacity. But Lord Stansgate retired to the Lords, at the dictates of party duty, with thirty-five years of Commons' reputation behind him; and in any case he has never, I think, in recent years entertained either the desire or the expectation of party leadership. The case of young Wedgwood Benn is altogether different, and but for this unwanted, and whenever it comes untimely, interruption, I should tip him to go very near the summit of his party. As things stand, he will very likely have to be content with First Lord of the Admiralty in a lean Labour Government—and the Labour Party is almost bound to lose much of the quality of leadership he has to offer. It can rarely be transmitted from the Lords.

* * *

For all that, I can't support Wedgwood Benn's private campaign to pass up his peerage—any more than I could take Quintin Hogg's side in his famous exchange of correspondence with Mr. Attlee. The real absurdity lies not in these personal hard cases, which are symptomatic, but in the fact that we still consent to be ruled in part by an unrepresentative and largely unqualified bunch of non-elected, hereditary title-holders, whose collective influence is used consistently and skilfully to hinder the progress of social reform. And to absolve exceptionally talented young men from the disabilities of a peerage, while continuing to leave power in the hands of the lesser lights who remain, is worse than useless. The first step in removing the anomalies of the House of Lords is to abolish most of its powers. If that meant as a consequence the retention of Wedgwood Benn in the Commons—and the restoration of Quintin Hogg—public life would be very much the richer.

* * *

On another page Wilfred Fienburgh loyally rebukes the joint wickedness of Mr. Bevan and Mr. Morrison in playing their respective kind of politics with German rearmament. For all I know, both are to blame—at any rate I do not

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Part of the answer to this question has been given above. A Labour Government bent on curbing irresponsible American policies could not afford to renounce Nato, and a Labour Government bent on high-level disarmament talks will probably carry more weight in the Kremlin if it possesses the H-bomb. But little progress will be made with disarmament until world tension has been reduced, and it is here that the H-bomb can play a pacifying role. In 1950 it was difficult to deny that Nato land forces were required for the defence of Western Europe. Indeed, the Russian proposal that all Occupation troops should be withdrawn from Germany had to be rejected because it would have left Central Europe open to invasion by the Red Army. How much validity is left in these arguments now that the frontiers of a united, neutralised Germany could be guaranteed by strategic air forces equipped with nuclear weapons? In the H-bomb era the existence of land forces along the partition line between East and West Germany is an actual threat to our security. By perpetuating that partition line through the Nine-Power Treaty, we are imposing upon ourselves a permanent peace-time commitment of British troops to Europe and actually increasing the risk of the nuclear war which it is the aim of our strategy to prevent. The H-bomb in fact has destroyed the last case for German rearmament and created a situation in which a military vacuum in the centre of Europe has become a common interest of East and West.

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The lesson of this costly failure in producing aircraft must be applied to British production as a whole. Since the 1950 rearmament race began, we have attempted to keep up with the vast productive resources of Russia and America. It was not, of course, supposed that we could have armed forces equal in size to theirs, but the effort was made to build up a British arms industry competing with theirs in quality. We would have fewer tanks, aircraft, submarines, aircraft carriers, etc.; but ours would be as modern and as efficient as theirs. Looking back at the results of British rearmament since 1950, one conclusion is clear. We may have produced prototypes as good as the American, though even that is not sure. But despite a gigantic financial outlay and diversion of skilled manpower for three years, the result has not justified the effort. By attempting to maintain the army, the navy and the air force of a Great Power we have overstrained our resources and achieved, not strength, but a military weakness far worse than that which Sir Winston exposed in the 1930s when he was campaigning against Neville Chamberlain and his notorious Defence Co-ordinator, Sir Thomas Inskip.

CIVIL DEFENCE AND THE ARMY

The logic of the Nato decision to rely on nuclear weapons has been stated by Field Marshal Montgomery. Since retaliation is certain, he argued, the organisation of the civilian population against nuclear attack is all-important. Indeed, it is clear that, if the Government believed in its strategy, Sir Winston would at once give super-priority to two things—the Strategic Air Force and Civil Defence. That is not the policy of the White Paper. For every pound spent on Civil Defence in 1955, £22 will be spent on the fighting Services; and of the £70m. which it obtains, half is devoted to building up strategic stockpiles of food, oil and other essential raw materials. The only firm decisions reached in the White Paper are (*i*) that some 30,000 conscripts will now receive one month's whole-time training during their period of National Service and then form the 48 Reserve battalions of a Mobile Defence Corps; and (*ii*) that all National Service men will receive "training in elementary civil defence duties as part of their normal military training." Decisions on the two most important issues—evacuation and shelter policy—are again postponed; and the proposal that Civil Defence should become the fourth arm of war, with a Service Minister in the Defence Committee, has been rejected. The importance which the Government attaches to Civil Defence can be measured by the fact that expenditure on the Navy in this year's estimates, at £347m., is just five times that allowed to the protection of the civilian population against a nuclear attack, in which even the White Paper admits that "central and local government would be put out of action, partially or wholly."

The 1954 White Paper put the total active

strength of the Forces on 1 April, 1955, at 844,300. The 1955 White Paper amends the estimate to 823,300, and then forecasts a total strength on 1 April, 1956, of 788,000. This fall in strength is the measure of the failure of the Government's Regular recruiting policy. Insufficient Regular recruits enlisted (there were 83,629 male recruits in 1953 as against 74,980 in 1954), and the gamble that those already in the Forces would prolong their service has failed.

The White Paper recognises the problem, but has no remedy to offer. It is politically difficult, of course, for the Government to admit that the new "three years with the Colours and four years with the Reserve" engagement has failed. What was expected of this reform was revealed by the Secretary of State for War when he told the Commons on 9 March, 1953: "We shall be all right if 33 per cent. of the three-year men stay for six years." It is now reasonably certain that the rate of prolongation is not exceeding 10 per cent. This failure to raise Regular recruits and to persuade those in the Army to prolong their service means that the Government decision to continue the period of two years National Service is inevitable. Nor is there any prospect of a decrease, despite the reduction of commitments through the Anglo-Egyptian settlement, until Regular internal and external recruiting can be improved. Alone among the Commonwealth countries and the founder members of Nato, Britain must continue to bear the burden of two years' compulsory service.

Conclusions

(1) The Government has concurred in the Nato decision to rely on nuclear weapons and begun itself to manufacture a British H-bomb. It admits, however, that this leaves the United Kingdom well-nigh defenceless if the deterrent fails.

(2) The claim that Atlantic rearmament has built up a position of strength for the West is false. Moreover, it is now admitted in the White Paper that twelve German divisions will not change the balance of power. Nevertheless, for political reasons the Nine-Power Treaty is to be ratified and implemented.

(3) Apart from a token increase in the Civil Defence Estimates, British strategy and defence policy remain unchanged in 1955.

(4) Owing to a fantastic over-estimate of the capacities of the aircraft and electronics industries, an expenditure of nearly £800m. on military aircraft has left us almost defenceless in the air. Nor is there any early prospect of the R.A.F.'s having enough British bombers to deliver effectively the British H-bomb.

(5) Failure of the production programme is matched by failure of Regular recruiting, which is so grave that a two-year period of National Service will be required to maintain the Army at a reduced strength.

(6) Unless submitted to ruthless war-time controls, our economy cannot provide the multiplicity of arms required by a modern Great Power. Efficiency requires concentration on the production of fewer weapons.

(7) Only if we withdraw from Nato can Britain afford to renounce nuclear weapons. But we should not accept a policy of neutrality unless we are driven to it.

(8) The manufacture of the H-bomb and of the means of delivering it will require drastic reductions in the rest of our production programme. Such cuts could only be made if our strategy were revolutionised on the premise that the defence of Europe and the Middle East by conventional land and naval forces has been outdated by nuclear warfare. *Once this premise is accepted, our Asian and African commitments could be amply covered by traditional methods without a two-year period of military service.*

(9) Ultimately the only way of achieving security for Britain is by means of an international settlement, including a solution of the German problem. The concept of nuclear neutralisation of a united Germany, from which all occupation forces have been withdrawn, provides a possible basis of East-West agreement. Such an agreement is an essential preliminary to any disarmament conference.

R. H. S. Crossman
George Wigg

London Diary

Listening last Monday, as one of the packed audience at the Central Hall, to the Bishop of Johannesburg's courageous and intellectually satisfying address on racial segregation in South Africa, I was especially struck by one passage. It is not enough, he observed, merely for men to love one another: they must learn to do justice. "Love can only be spelt out in terms of justice." Was Dr. Reeves conscious, I wonder, how closely he was echoing the words of the Social and Industrial Council of the Church Assembly in its report on M.R.A.? That report—brilliantly reviewed, incidentally, in last Sunday's *Observer* by Reinhold Niebuhr—criticises M.R.A. for discounting the seriousness of politics by reason of its "strong emphasis on love and unselfishness as personal qualities, but without any like emphasis on justice as a social quality." That is a terribly penetrating criticism; and exactly illuminated by the Bishop's scathing reference to those "sincere" supporters of *Apartheid* who claim that "all problems would be solved if only people would love one another." M.R.A. is, I am told, being increasingly used to deodorise the activities of the South African Government: it is not the first time it has been called in aid of political causes which do not place "any like emphasis on justice." Incidentally, nobody, not even one as ungodly as myself, could fail to be impressed by the unequivocal authority with which Dr. Reeves invoked Christian theology to condemn racial injustice. His concluding words —"Rampant injustice may stalk through South Africa, but God remains God. He is not mocked." —were spoken into an electric silence with great force of oratory. A force which was enormously increased by the unanimity between the Anglican, Roman and most of the Free Churches in canonical condemnation of *Apartheid*. But what of the Dutch Reformed Church? It is a terrible fact that on this issue the Christian God should face both ways.

* * *

Whatever may be the outcome of the dispute between British Railways and the B.B.C., I agree with William Salter, who on another page remarks on the importance of the public issue which it raises. That the rights of the camera may be in need of special care was vividly confirmed at the week-end by Miss Jill Craigie, who observed in a newspaper article that the film camera was habitually obstructed by the subtle form of censorship which arises from having to ask permission for facilities. At the same time, the public is growing more and more dependent on the camera as a source of information. Writing for the press, indeed, has been totally changed in recent years by the visual aids to which most daily and Sunday journalists can have recourse. Today, apart from films and television, some of the most popular papers convey the bulk of their news and propaganda through the eye of the camera. So if the freedom of the press is worth preserving at all, it must include the camera—which, as we all now know, can intrude, distort and lie no less public-spiritedly than the human scribe. It has, however, especially in the case of TV and the movies, one great disadvantage: it is apt to involve bulky apparatus which cannot be set up without the consent of the victim. Nor can anything much be done about this obvious opportunity for censorship unless public opinion really gets to work. There are, of course, limits to the legitimacy of photographic intrusion. But it will be easier to restrain a morbidly sensational press from intruding on the private affairs of private people if it is widely accepted that the private affairs of public institutions—like B.R. and the Royal family—are paid for by the public and are fair game for public curiosity—whether in the interests of efficiency or plain fun.

* * *

Everybody acquainted with Tony Wedgwood Benn and his beautiful wife must sympathise with their desire to escape the frustration of a peerage. Long before this most likeable and determined young M.P. will have contributed to politics a half of the talents that are in him, he will be obliged in the course of nature to retire to that stately mausoleum of political aspirations—the House of Lords. What a waste—no less deplorable because absurd! Nor is it any answer to claim that Wedgwood Benn's father, the incomparable Lord Stansgate, has succeeded in preserving both his personality and his integrity in the Upper House. Certainly it would require more than the combined solemnity of the Lords Temporal and Spiritual to repress the older Wedgwood Benn's wit and audacity. But Lord Stansgate retired to the Lords, at the dictates of party duty, with thirty-five years of Commons' reputation behind him; and in any case he has never, I think, in recent years entertained either the desire or the expectation of party leadership. The case of young Wedgwood Benn is altogether different, and but for this unwanted, and whenever it comes untimely, interruption, I should tip him to go very near the summit of his party. As things stand, he will very likely have to be content with First Lord of the Admiralty in a lean Labour Government—and the Labour Party is almost bound to lose much of the quality of leadership he has to offer. It can rarely be transmitted from the Lords.

* * *

For all that, I can't support Wedgwood Benn's private campaign to pass up his peerage—any more than I could take Quintin Hogg's side in his famous exchange of correspondence with Mr. Attlee. The real absurdity lies not in these personal hard cases, which are symptomatic, but in the fact that we still consent to be ruled in part by an unrepresentative and largely unqualified bunch of non-elected, hereditary title-holders, whose collective influence is used consistently and skilfully to hinder the progress of social reform. And to absolve exceptionally talented young men from the disabilities of a peerage, while continuing to leave power in the hands of the lesser lights who remain, is worse than useless. The first step in removing the anomalies of the House of Lords is to abolish most of its powers. If that meant as a consequence the retention of Wedgwood Benn in the Commons—and the restoration of Quintin Hogg—public life would be very much the richer.

* * *

On another page Wilfred Fienburgh loyally rebukes the joint wickedness of Mr. Bevan and Mr. Morrison in playing their respective kind of politics with German rearmament. For all I know, both are to blame—at any rate I do not

want to argue that point now. But I do know which is the better tactician. The signatories of Mr. Bevan's resolution have been going round Westminster this week with the modest smiles of men who are dutifully carrying out the wishes of their constituents and are at the same time too numerous to be very severely punished for doing so. Not so all of Mr. Morrison's men: a few of them are no doubt wondering how to answer their constituents who importunately demand to know why they did not support Mr. Bevan's resolution. Mr. Bevan has long regarded the secrecy of the Party meeting, with its opportunities for unobserved abstention on great issues, as a threat to democratic control of the Labour Party. By putting down a resolution on the Commons Order Paper to be signed (or, equally publicly, not signed) by his colleagues, he may (or may not) have smoked a few very cross old foxes out of some deep, dark holes.

* * *

Doodling the other day at an unspeakable committee meeting, I soon ran through my small repertoire—which in any case is pretty well limited to a very freehand map of the British Isles, a rather fancy arrangement of swallows in flight, a mouse *couchant* and a pictorial presentation of the Pythagoras theorem. In this last, incidentally, one can pass a pleasant enough fifteen minutes in variously shading the resultant network of triangles. This particular occasion, however, was long drawn out; and, no Attlee, I ran dry. So I turned to sums. Simple multiplication and division—nothing tricky. But oh, what joy awaited me! What could be more natural than to start multiplying 123456789 by various figures? And what more rewarding than to find that if you multiply it by 8 the answer is 987654312? Why the sequence, in any case? And can anybody explain that unbelievable reversal of the two final digits? I have since learned more about these matters: philarithmic friends come and show me tricks with magic numbers, some of which I am beginning to understand. The pursuit grows on one like a habit-forming drug. I have become a follower of Eupompus: I give splendour to politics by numbers. And if in the end I follow Eupompus's path to the grave, leaping from a committee room window and slaying two M.P.s on the way—well, it is an end which I had often contemplated before I ever drank the heady waters of *Philarithme*.

FLAVUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The British cyclist making friends with all kinds of foreigners all over Europe is helping to ensure that Shropshire and Suffolk will still be on the map in 20 or 30 years' time.—*The Bicycle.* (D. Lloyd.)

A hunter owned by a Melton farmer, Ian Urquhart, was taken into an hotel dining room where members of the Belvoir Hunt were lunching. The animal behaved perfectly, and allowed himself to be ridden around the tables. His reward: three glasses of champagne.—*Sunday Express.* (H. J. D. Lemon.)

Tring (Hertfordshire) is not to have litter-bins bearing advertisements, though they would help the rate fund. Says one councillor: "We should be selling our dignity."—*Evening Standard.* (D. Nesteroff.)

Of course, everyone knows that "Forty Years On" is the Harrow School song. Is that any reason why it should not also be the Worthing High School girls' song?—Letter in *Worthing Herald.* (I. S. Brewer.)

Thorn in the Flesh

The People's Republic in China rules,
In Formosa the Kuomintang.
America in her righteous fight
Calls Christian democracies to unite—
But though they try with all their might,
Still nobody cares for Chiang.

America leading the great crusade
With Chiang is hand in glove;
Formosa's forces she maintains,
But the inescapable fact remains
That the Chiang Kai-shek alliance strains
The bonds of brotherly love.

The Nationalist may be China's hope,
The Communist, China's curse—
America must her friend relieve,
At Peking's tyranny she must grieve,
But Chiang's regime, she must perceive,
Has been, if anything, worse.

Chiang may be Washington's woolly lamb
With fleece as white as snow,
But, facing his victorious foes,
To go it alone he may propose,
And in the way that Washington goes
He is not sure to go.

America's leaders dare not state
That Chiang would be no loss.
Democracy suffers strange allies,
With Washington all should sympathise,
For even Dulles can scarce disguise,
That Chiang is America's cross.

SAGITTARIUS

Election in Andhra

"CAN you introduce me to an English-speaking Christian, Communist, Harijan (Untouchable)?" I asked. "As many as you please," they said, and "they" were Congress organisers in charge of the bitterly fought elections in Andhra. They assumed that most Harijans, a large portion of whom in this part of India are Christians, would also be Communists. After all, they said, Christians were educated by missionaries, would have read books and newspapers in English, and would therefore be ready to accept Communist teaching. They are led by the sons of well-to-do or middle peasants, who, like college boys in many parts of India, are often out of work and apt to hold Marxist doctrines.

And so it was, I found, in visiting different parts of the area where the elections were taking place. The Harijan villages—mud huts on a dirty patch of mud—were strongly Communist, though sometimes they flew a few Congress flags as well. Little or nothing had been done for these Untouchables by Andhra's Congress Government; and if you were an educated boy who came from such a village, and who could contrast its unspeakably sordid conditions with the good life of well-to-do townsmen or peasants, you were unlikely to feel inclined to vote for Congress. The intermediate parties had disappeared: in 79 out of the 196 constituencies there is a straight fight between Congress and Communists.

The position in Andhra is peculiar. The first "linguistic" State, it was carved out of Madras with the object of uniting people who speak the Telegu language. Large areas of Telegu speakers, however, who live in Hyderabad, were left out of Andhra, and a main plank in the local Communist propaganda is the demand for a "Great Andhra." This is the one area in India where there have been violent clashes between Communists and police. Before Hyderabad was taken over by India in 1948, the Communists had defended the Hindu peasants against the Razakars—the military force used by the Nizam to maintain his minority Muslim rule in Hyderabad. In this way the Communists gained great prestige in Telgana (the Telegu area of Hyderabad); and, although their subsequent violence led to their fierce repression, the land which they gained for the peasants in this area was not taken away again. At the next election the Telgana peasants voted Communist.

There is a hangover from this bitter strife in the present Andhra. Young men in a Harijan village who were, I knew, Communists, were afraid to admit their party allegiance. Outside, I saw posters put up by Congress of men and women shot by the Communists and hanged upside down; on the other side of the road the Communists had displayed a poster depicting an incident in which the police had stripped more than 20 men naked and flogged them through the town. Both posters were, I believe, based on "actual incidents." Not far away there was a home-made statue of a Communist "martyr," who had been shot with many others. Communist villagers stood around the statue in adoration, and some of them made offerings of gifts as if he were a god.

This impression of a sharply defined class struggle was confirmed by a clever electioneering speech by Mr. Patil, the Congress organiser from Bombay—an efficient Tammany boss if ever I saw one. His audience was delighted with his speech, which was devoted almost entirely to attacking and ridiculing the Communists. He made excellent play with the news of Malenkov's fall from office: would he go the same way as Beria? He urged that Andhra could never be well administered unless it had a stable Congress Government with a large majority. But he gave no hint of constructive policy. He was content with the general declaration that the Communists were violent, and that Congress was gradually and non-violently proceeding along with the lines of the "Socialistic pattern of society."

This might well have carried conviction in some States, but in Andhra everyone knew that the Congress leaders have not given anyone the impression of wanting to do anything at all for the depressed classes. They are, in fact, landlords and businessmen who have not been moved at all by Nehru's idealism. In one area where I was able to make some detailed inquiries and to meet the local Raja, who is standing as the Congress candidate, conditions are still entirely feudal. He has, of course, lost his rights as Zamindar, but the compensation given to him would leave him rich for life even if he had no other income. In addition to that, he has at least 5,000 "wet" acres (which, by itself, means, in a rice-growing area, a very fat living). He pays his workers in kind—20 bags of paddy a year, and no cash.

In large areas of India it may still be doubted whether the abolition of the old landlord, or Zamindari, system has been of any advantage to the peasants. The only change from their point of view is that they pay rent to a Government official instead of the Zamindar's agent, who might often be less strict than an impersonal court of law. If their rents had been reduced, it would be different. This situation is made worse by the fact that the abolition of the Zamindars was popu-

Prize Essay

This is the last week-end for entries to the NEW STATESMAN Prize Essay competition. No entry can be considered which reaches this office later than Tuesday, 1st March.

larly believed to be the beginning of Utopia. The peasant has gained ten years' security; but, so far, that is all. Much bigger land reforms are promised, and about one-fifth of all the villages of India are now included in the "community projects," which are beginning, I believe, to rouse the peasants' enthusiasm and gain their genuine co-operation. But this scheme is still new—it has only been in existence for a little more than two years—and has not yet had any effect at all in the new and badly administered State of Andhra. So, when the Communists promise to divide the Raja's land and to see that every peasant gets an acre of "wet" rice land for himself, the response is immediate.

There was much talk in Madras, before I went to Andhra, about probable violence and malpractice in the conduct of the elections. I saw none at all. The polling seemed very orderly. No propaganda was allowed within 100 yards of any polling booth. The ballot was genuinely secret—whether it is honestly counted is another matter—and the people quite clearly understood that the choice before them was to vote either of the two booths of the Congress coalition, or the sickle and ear of wheat which was the Communist emblem. The one law that no one pretends to keep is the restriction on the amount of money candidates are allowed to spend. In point of fact, many lakhs of rupees were spent by both sides, and large numbers of workers were brought in at great expense from Hyderabad and Bombay.

There have been some reports of violent incidents, but none of them is, I think, of great importance. All one can say is that Mr. Patil clearly intends that Congress shall win the election by whatever means he finds necessary. I suspect he will succeed. The elections are staggered over several weeks so that we shall not know the outcome yet. I have no doubt that Congress, which has tried this time by a united effort to overwhelm the Communist organisation, will win handsomely. The Communists have not been aided by an article in *Pravda* contradicting all their propaganda; it blandly expressed great appreciation of Nehru's leadership and of India's economic progress. There are 196 seats, and if the Communists get as many as 70 they will be pleased; but the challenge that their organisation makes to Congress is of itself most valuable.

Victory, however, is not everything. I have met progressive Congress leaders in Delhi who are grateful to the Communists because they say that, unless there is pressure from the people, the Right wing of Congress will not be stirred to social reform. The division in the ranks of Congress is only too clear. On the one hand, you have people who are devoted to such advanced forms of planning as the "community projects"; some of the Government's own propaganda is at least Socialist. One official pamphlet I have before me is clearly designed to rouse common people to make demands on the Government. Nehru's "Socialistic pattern" is a carefully chosen phrase which may mean anything or nothing. When Mr. Patil uses the slogan, no one is misled into thinking that he is going to indulge in any revolutionary enterprises. Indeed, it is clear that if they are allowed to do so, the Right wing of Congress will accept the slogan from Nehru merely as a means to maintain power and bamboozle the electorate. But there is another possibility. There are some genuine reformers and Socialists who think of Socialism, not only as a way of doing down the Communists, but as a means to creating a happy and prosperous India. There is reason to hope that Nehru may now have more time to give to the organisation of social change; he has hitherto been its inspirer rather than its leader.

Looking back over these seven years since the British left India, I see that the prophets of disaster have been confounded, but hopes of social change have not been fulfilled. India has not been "Balkanised," and the horrors of communal strife, which marred the transference of power and the partition of India in 1947, have been ended. Moreover, Nehru's foreign policy is universally applauded in India. Some people hope that he may now be able to use his unique and unchallenged prestige to carry through far more thorough-going social changes. Congress has been seriously frightened by the growth of Communism in Southern India; perhaps, it is argued, by Andhra. An election like Andhra's is a warning which must develop elsewhere if all the talk of Socialism is not eye-wash. I believe Nehru means his "Socialistic pattern" to be the beginning of a new era in India. India now waits on him to define his new slogan, and take those steps within the Congress organisation which are necessary if his fine words are to butter any parsnips.

Madras. KINGSLEY MARTIN

Forty Immortals

NEXT Thursday is election day at the Académie Française. The thirty-seven "Immortals," resplendent in their green uniforms (designed by David), will meet to choose three new *Académiciens* and thus bring their number up to the quorum laid down in their statutes. Elections to the Académie are always front-page news in France: they stir up deep literary—and often political—animosities. This time the vote is specially important. First, three newcomers may radically shift the balance of parties in the Académie. Secondly, and more important, one of the candidates is Jean Cocteau. Cocteau, the grey-haired *enfant terrible* of French literature, a lifelong enemy of the official Literary Establishment, is feared and disliked in conservative quarters. His election, it is felt, may be the thin end of a sizeable *avant-garde* wedge.

Cocteau's candidature, in fact, is the latest of a long series of attempts to make the Académie more representative of contemporary French literature. For the Immortals are not, and never have been, the forty greatest living French writers. The imaginary "Forty-first Chair," awarded by posterity, has been occupied by Molière, Descartes, Pascal, Diderot, Rousseau, Stendhal, Balzac, Maupassant, Baudelaire, Verlaine, Mallarmé, Proust, Gide and scores of other masters. And the vast majority of those whose names have been "inscribed for immortality" as the custodians of the French language are totally forgotten.

Most of the *Académiciens*, however, argue that it is not their job to be representative; and history seems to endorse their judgment. For when Cardinal Richelieu created the Académie in 1634, his intentions were political rather than literary: he wished to check-mate the dangerous activities of literary men in the *salons* of his enemies by grouping them together in an institution over which he could keep a close watch. The success of his scheme is attested by the Académie's subsequent history. It was officially protected by Louis XIV, suppressed under the Terror, re-created by Napoleon, and restored to its full glory by Louis XVIII. The function of the Académie, in fact, is not so much to represent all that is best in French literature as to ensure that a substantial, influential body of literary opinion is well-disposed towards the State. In essence, therefore, it is an organ of totalitarianism.

Nevertheless, the Académie is not just a state of mind. It does perform certain definite literary functions. Most of these are of minor significance: they include the distribution of numerous literary prizes (which inflation has rendered of small value), and the compilation of an official grammar (which was finally completed in 1932 and immediately denounced by all the grammarians: it is now out of print). But the Académie's principal duty—the perpetual revision of the official French dictionary, is still of considerable importance. New words and definitions are invariably reported in the newspapers and rapidly become law in thousands of *lycées*.

Once a week, on Thursday afternoons, the Immortals meet in *séance solennelle* for this task. The session begins at 3 p.m. and lasts exactly one hour; it comes to an abrupt end at the first stroke of four—even if one of the *Académiciens* is in the middle of a speech. The Immortals are currently at the letter B. In the last few weeks, *bluff*, *bluffer* and *un bluffeur* have been officially added to the French language, and the latest act of the Académie was to revise the definition of *bouillabaisse*. This legislative achievement was the work of the Marseilles playwright Marcel Pagnol, who had been urging for some years that "a fish soup" was a grossly inadequate definition of the famous Midi dish. On January 13, his expanded definition was finally and grudgingly accepted by his colleagues and inscribed in the minutes. However, when Pagnol returned home in triumph and showed the text to his wife, she pointed out that he had forgotten to mention the slices of bread that float on the top of the soup. Dismayed, he attempted to rectify this at the January 20 session; but the Académie refused to discuss the matter further, and *bouillabaisse*, it is calculated, will have to wait twenty years before it is correctly defined.

Such incidents, of course, get into the gossip

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BATSFORD

columns and give rise to many spiteful jokes in the Faubourg St. Germain. But the *Académiciens* are unperturbed. They know perfectly well that at heart every French writer cherishes a desire to belong to the Académie, and that if some of them refuse to stand it is only because they are afraid of being defeated. Moreover, the criticisms die down to an anonymous murmur at the approach of an election. In moments of great provocation, in fact, the Immortals chant a malicious couplet by Fontenelle:

Quand nous sommes quarante, on se moque de nous,
Sommes-nous trente-neuf, on est à nos genoux.

Nevertheless, they take great pains to ensure that those who are elected have a proper sense of the Académie's dignity. Their greatest fear is that a candidate, having been elected, will refuse to take up his seat, and to prevent this they insist that all candidates submit a formal letter, before the election, asking to be admitted. This rule is never broken. When the playwright Henri de Montherlant withdrew from the present election, he claimed it was because he was being made the subject of a bargain—a group of Immortals, he said, had agreed to vote for him provided his supporters voted for Malraux. In reality, however, his candidature was never accepted: he refused, in his letter of application, to express a "wish" to enter the Académie, and merely remarked that he would "accept" an offer of membership. On rare occasions, of course, the Académie elects a member by "unanimous acclamation." This honour was conferred on Foch and Clémenceau. But such a manoeuvre has to be very carefully organised: one negative vote spoils the gesture. Hence the plan to elect General de Gaulle by acclamation next Thursday had to be abandoned when it was discovered that one of the Immortals, General Weygand, was still smarting from various derogatory references to himself in De Gaulle's *Memoires de Guerre*.

Once a candidate's application has been accepted, he can begin his election campaign. This consists of elaborate dinner-parties at Le Grand Vefour and Lapérouse, and solemn visits to *Académiciens* thought to be favourably disposed, and to the "floating voters"—the Immortals whose age prevents them from keeping up with contemporary literature, but whose votes can be influenced by politeness and a proper sense of humility on the part of the candidate. The classic description of one of these *visites protocolaires* is given by Alfred de Vigny, who was forced to wait half-an-hour in a freezing antichamber before M. Royer-Collard, an octogenarian Immortal, agreed to receive him. The following conversation then took place:

Royer-Collard: I would like to hear from you all about your works.

De Vigny: Monsieur, if you do not know about them already, I cannot help you.

Royer-Collard: Monsieur, I have not read anything written during the last thirty years.

De Vigny: But in that case, how can you possibly vote?

Royer-Collard: Oh, I shall vote all right. I always vote. . . .

Such incidents are rarer nowadays, but they still occur. At the beginning of Cocteau's campaign, it was discovered that the *Secrétaire Perpétuel* of the Académie, M. Georges Lecomte, had never heard of Cocteau. A dinner-party was therefore arranged, Cocteau was presented, and at the end of the evening M. Lecomte pronounced him *un vrai poète*.

Cocteau, as this incident shows, has conducted an industrious election campaign, and an analysis of the four main parties in the Académie reveals his chances as good. First, *les litéraires*, who are led by André Maurois and François Mauriac, support him strongly. They hold the view that members should be elected purely on their literary merits, and Cocteau has undoubtedly a more distinguished literary record than his rival, Professor Carcopino. The second party, *les Ducs*, is also well-disposed towards Cocteau. Its members are less interested in literature, but they look upon the Académie as a distinguished and aristocratic club—and Cocteau's celebrated wit would clearly make him an agreeable member. Moreover, one of the leaders of this party, the Duc de Broglie, is an ardent cinema fan. The third party, *les universitaires*, forms the main opposition: Professor Carcopino is a distinguished Latin scholar and archæologist, and he will certainly gather the lion's share of the academic vote. The last group, *les militaires*, does not, as a rule, look upon poets with favour (Paul Claudel, in fact, was the only poet among the Forty Immortals). On the other hand, Cocteau comes from a family which has produced a general and two admirals, and this may well swing a few votes in his favour.

Nevertheless, there is no complacency in the Cocteau camp. The average age of the Immortals is seventy-seven; a sudden drop in the temperature, a sudden gust of wind from the North, and several of them may not turn up next Thursday. *Contre Gocteau Une Inconnue: La Grippe*—so ran the headline in one Paris paper.

Paris. PAUL JOHNSON

La Vie en Rose

As I kissed her awake, I thought inconsequently of the porpoises and how she had laughed when I said they were Poseidon's "great beasts" sent to scour the coast of Sussex for a seemly sacrifice of virgins. We had laughed a lot, all yesterday—from the moment we trod on the absurd pier, with its smell of wet paint, its slot machines and patient, mufflered anglers, the gulls circling in the winter sunshine and a swell rising and falling like a concertina below the pine boards of the deck. And then had come our walk along cliffs, over the Downs above Alfriston to a frozen wood where the fallen twigs crackled sharply at our feet, and suddenly it seemed to both of us it would be fun to have tea in the little village and stay the night in the inn. Next morning would be time enough to catch my train to Oxford.

I reached Oxford with the vague intention of doing some academic work before term began. Yet, now that I was back, I knew there was something other than a conscience about Finals in June that made for an early return. I wanted to see Oxford without most of its undergraduate population, to see if what I half-expected was true: that Oxford could be more not less Oxford out of term. I am aware that Oxford, perhaps more than most places, is what you think it to be; and that if you are sitting idly, maybe looking at the birch tree outside your window, and you suddenly think of "Oxford," you imagine both more and less than a routine of parties, meals and lectures, of work and books, things done and omitted. That, instead, the mind is seized by personal incidents, a chance conversation over a cup of coffee, a love affair, a vacation abroad. I am aware of this. But there is also a quality which I, at least, associate with Oxford in all its dimensions, historical, mythical, spiritual, or what have you. And lacking words adequately to define this quality I think of Yeats's poem *Lapis Lazuli*, with the Chinamen he describes carved upon the stone. "*Over them flies a long-legged bird, A symbol of longevity.*" One of them carries a musical instrument:

"On all the tragic scene they stare.
One asks for mournful melodies;
Accomplished fingers begin to play.
Their eyes mid many wrinkles, their eyes,
Their ancient, glittering eyes, are gay."

Now we are not old Chinamen. Yet what one expects from an ancient university, in part comprised of what is regarded as an important element of the "younger generation," is something of glittering eyes, is gaiety. Yeats stressed it earlier in the same poem: "*All things fall and are built again, And those that build them again are gay.*" I believe he meant more than merely lighthearted. What we seem to have lost is a capacity for wonder, even for experience.

Two things above all lead me to such a statement. Before term began, the most noticeable element in Oxford was that of foreign students. Perhaps the English tend too easily to associate frivolity with Continental youth; but these, in great measure temporary, undergraduates seemed unselfconsciously young. The High had never held less earnest, less worried people than it appeared to hold that week. More than this: walking down another street I would say I know as well as any who have been to Oxford, I saw a girl standing in the middle of the pavement looking up at some carved masonry. I looked up also. The very beauty of it makes it prominent. But I had never noticed it before, and probably never would have, had she not stood gazing there. A subtle atmosphere of taking Oxford for granted, its real opportunities unseen, can envelop the narrowly directed student from the first day of the first term. There is a similar danger in trying to look as though one "belonged."

Secondly, I have at the back of my mind a recent report by a psychiatrist, discussing "the dangerous freedom" (I believe he called it) of university life. I wondered how this dangerous freedom was compatible with the middle-aged mentality, the premature anxieties, the stolidity of most of my contemporaries at Oxford. The conclusion was forced upon me that this freedom is dangerous to only a *few*; that really it can't exist in a climate more affected by the proximity of the Civil Service Exam and by the consideration of the relative merits of I.C.I.'s pension scheme and Lever Brothers' superannuation. In part a figure of speech. But it has a real basis. You *can* see the characteristics of fear. And why should we be afraid of what comes after three years at Oxford? (To a lot of us it means an adventure.) Is it that too much emphasis is now placed on the examination, on the class and kind of degree? That in concentrating on such an achievement, in increasing numbers submitting to such a rule of thumb, the fundamental idea that a university should help young men and women to become self-responsible is lost? And the cry for more specialisation continues.

This demand for both self-responsibility and gaiety may seem over-paradoxical, even demonstrative of a conflict of two requirements from the undergraduate from which neurosis could spring. I think, however, the paradox, if it is one, expresses the truth: that without the capacity for wonder and experience which underlies true gaiety, we are hardly fitted as individuals to perform in present society a function proportionate to our opportunities. A young lady from St. Hilda's College lately complained in the *Evening Standard* of the lack in Oxford of young men in leopard-skin trousers. It might be well, for a start, if the Ministry of Education, the Grant-givers, the Examiners, and many who are

"And what's wrong wi' brass bands?"

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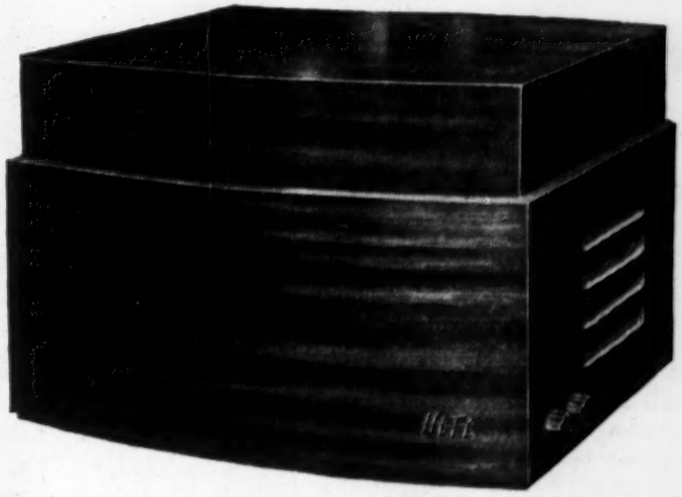

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at Oxford this moment, recognised the difference between her complaint, expressive of boredom, and mine, tinged with a valid worry about our mood and our direction. It would be good if they considered the porpoises.

ANTHONY BAILEY

Leaning on a Gate

LACHLAN and I are leaning on a gate. The gate will need renewing soon. However much one creosotes or paints, wood doesn't stand up indefinitely to eighty inches of rain in the year. It is not the season for straws but I am chewing a hawthorn twig. What is a farmer doing when he leans on a gate? Well, we are not saying much, but our eyes and ears and noses are feeding in facts just as though we were calculating machines. The clicking goes on inside just as though we had electronic valves, and in a while the sum has been totted up and comes back into consciousness.

We look slowly across a field. Under it we know—we can almost see—the pattern of field drains that lie under almost all arable fields in Great Britain. A century ago there were stone drains—we ran into them in the course of re-draining. Later, some of them were replaced by tile hoops over slates. Now there is a predominantly arrow pattern of three-inch tiles running into a main drain of four- or five-inch tiles, which discharges into a ditch. All is on a slight slope and anything from two to five feet down; if a tile gets out of place you may have to dig down to replace it.

Looking at the field, we remember what crops and what manures it has had in the last ten years. We think back to the look of the soil two rotations ago. Certainly it is richer than it was then, though I'm afraid a soil analysis will still show it poorer than it should be in almost everything. The turnips round our feet are surprisingly good; but they had one of these compounds that make up for the boron deficiency that causes brown heart, that maddening disease of hollowness and smell. Yet they didn't get much chance at the thinning and cleaning. It was so wet that the weeds took root again after they were pulled. But that was better than drought, though it was bad for the potatoes. Never have they been such a poor crop—except of course that year we had them in the bottom of the Meadow.

"Did the earlies come yet?" I asked. Lachlan and I perhaps both see the same picture of early potatoes in the sprouting boxes in the warmth over the stables. "No' yet" he says, and I think how nice it would be if anything ever happened without one having to send a reminder. Yet as like as not they've been sent off and the sacks are just lying around somewhere between Ayr and here. "They'd no Suttons' Abundance" I say, "and it's a nice-tasting potato."

"Dunkie would maybe give us a bag," says Lachlan, adding that he and Eddie had a bushel or so off him last year and they did great. The men have their own drills in the field and so does anyone who cares to give us a hand with planting and gathering in return. Lachlan puts in tags, but he would probably know the rows anyhow, just as he knows which are which of the Black Galloways. I only know a few of them, though one knows the milk cows well enough.

The field beyond the road, Sheneval, is beginning to look green. "Was there any tangle in?" I ask, thinking partly of the young grass—for now is the time to put on the sea tangle, rich in potash, which brings on the young clover—and partly of the potato ground.

"It should be," he says; and we turn our faces a little towards the South from which the weather comes that throws up the broken tangle—and often takes it away on the next tide. He knows that one of my favourite ploys on the farm is going down with the Land-Rover and trailer and bringing up the strange, many-shaped sea stuff. He would like me to do my special things. In the days when we still sowed by hand I had a straight eye and could take a sowing sheet—the same shape of slung basket that Demeter had—and sow with alternate hand strokes, either oats or the more difficult grass seed, on marks I had set myself at the far end of the field. I liked doing that. But now we almost always borrow or hire a mechanical seeder for our sowing.

His own favourite things, I suspect, are building a corn stack and ploughing with the new Ferguson tractor: skilled jobs. Once I did a bit of ploughing and the further I went the crookeder got the furrows. After a while he came and watched. The time came when he grunted with disapproval, took over and put it right. Another thing I am bad at and he is good at, is backing the Land-Rover with a loaded trailer. This used to be a shaming business at harvest, which is anyway a time of laughter and mockery between men and women; but last year I had the bright idea of opening the fence at the far end of the stack yard so that one could drive straight through without any backing and turning. So I was one up!

We chew over a good many other problems while we lean on the gate, thinking out what needs doing. There are the fences and the fallen limb of the oak. There is the question of hay for the Galloways; I am wondering how it will last out. My neighbour Duncan is going to come over and spread the dung for us with his mechanical spreader. When any of the farms gets a new mechanical device, it always gets lent around. The threshing mill, which is owned and operated by a small-holder down by Campbeltown, goes round all the farms, a day or half a day at each. A team of fourteen or fifteen comes to work it from all the farms, a social event and a huge dinner or tea at whichever place the mill is in use. I doubt if closer co-operation is possible; and the configuration of the land makes little, odd-shaped fields, which could scarcely be worked with bigger implements than those we have. Probably these small, family farms are as good land use as one is likely to get. But, though the fields in the Carradale valley are alluvial and crop well, my own are raised beach with only a few inches of decent soil above the sand, except where there are streaks of peat. Onto these I try to put an extra share of lime; but it always seems to me possible that the best use for my land, and some more of the marginal land along the coast, would really be as an extension of the forest.

Above Sheneval the young forest, mixed spruces, with Jap and European larch in different shades of pinky-grey, climbs well up onto Tor Mor. Lachlan and I both see the wood as beautiful. But could we ever give up to trees these fields we have worked on, that are ours by right of knowledge and labour? I doubt if this kind of feeling of ownership is a bad thing; and I doubt, also, if it is different in kind for him and me, who have been work-mates for fifteen years.

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The Arts and Entertainment

PERSISTING IN FOLLY

TO find yourself in a minority of one is exhilarating at twenty, when you know you are always right; by middle-age one has learned that one can be wrong, and it is somewhat disconcerting. I still hope, since I so strongly recommended it last week, that there are people who are enjoying Mr. Owen Holder's play, *A Kind of Folly*, even half as much as I did, but I must confess that I have yet to meet one. Evidently the comedy did not click, and clearly on that side there is more to be said. With a play of ideas like *Marching Song* one can try to persuade people that attention to this or that aspect of it will bring rewards that are not apparent on the surface; but one can't bludgeon people into laughing. They either do, or they don't, and to explain a joke is the quickest way to kill it. It is true that *A Kind of Folly* found a particularly unresponsive audience on its first night, and that both before (in the provinces) and since, it has "gone" in quite a different way. The London first night is a murderously chancy hazard which has several times before now quite unjustly settled the fate of a good play. But perhaps it is wiser to settle for the evidence and admit that the play (whether it was the writing, acting, production, the audience, or all four combined that were at fault) failed to make an immediate effect, and in the strict accountancy of the theatre that is too often fatal.

Still, for my part, I remain unrepentant and indeed bewildered—bewildered, first, simply that the play did not catch on, for after a second seeing it still seems to me to be immensely superior to the average: and even more bewildered at the savagery with which it has been attacked in several quarters. To me it was obvious within the first five minutes that here was dialogue of a quality quite different from anything we hear in the theatre except on the rare occasion. It is perfectly true that it is mannered; and what, among the dull, worn small-change of the usual theatrical exchanges, could be more welcome and

more refreshing? This alone endeared me to it, and carried me riding on smiles and laughter over the faults. Young authors who boldly try to create a style of their own in which to convey what they want to say seem to me to be just what our theatre desperately needs, and it amazes me to find other people thinking that they should be portentously squashed as a kind of impertinence. Of course there are some weak jokes—in two hours of dialogue from a young playwright it would be hardly surprising if there weren't—but it is an odd sort of criticism to pick them out without mentioning the merits at all—even experienced dramatists from Shakespeare to Shaw would not come well out of that treatment. I have heard Mr. Holder's style denounced as "pastiche," "imitation Wilde," "bad St. John Hankin," descriptions which strike me as showing a defective ear in their coiners: I should have been more convinced if they had noticed the two or three obvious imitations of Fry. There are echoes, of course, in Mr. Holder's writing, as indeed there should be in any young author. But the most obvious influence—and it is a pretty indirect one, amounting to little more than a starting-off point—is Miss Compton-Burnett, and a more fruitful influence for stage dialogue I cannot imagine.

I specially emphasise the element of style or manner in the dialogue for the obvious reason that it is the root of the matter. And the production, rightly as I think, (though evidently as it turned out wrongly) based itself on giving it play. I know that in my mind after the first act it was that which I was congratulating Mr. Denis Carey on having successfully done. But, like the majority of artificial comedies, *A Kind of Folly* has a muddled plot. The outline is perfectly acceptable. The wife (Flora Robson) of an immensely rich man (Wilfrid Hyde White) returns from her self-imposed exile in the country to implore her husband not to continue ruining their son by giving him too much money. She is so in earnest about it that she is prepared to bring into play, and carry through, if he will not be reasonable, the threat of a divorce, citing his resident and blooming mistress (Jean Kent). The wrangles last a day, and the arrival of an old buffer from the outposts of Empire who has in the past been in love with both the women precipitates second thoughts all round about the various relationships. This is a perfectly workable framework; but it must be admitted that Mr. Holder doesn't handle it perfectly, and that he wilfully obscures it at one point with a piece of audience-deception which doesn't come off at all.

What appears to have baffled audiences and critics completely is the setting of the play in 1910. But here it is surely their own preconceptions, too deeply rooted, which are at fault. It is perfectly legitimate to avoid the realism of a contemporary setting and put the play back without being called on to make the period good in every detail. An Elizabethan audience accepted ancient Rome, say, as a setting for a play about its own times without demanding period accuracy from its authors. But the prevalence of the realistic idiom exerts a pressure of demand which it is difficult to deny. Had the audience had in mind—or Mr. Holder had been able to pilot them more surely into having in mind—the climate of Miss Compton-Burnett, the confusion would have been less. As it was they seemed to have expected something very much more in the nature of pastiche and been disappointed at not getting it. Tactically, then, this must be accounted a mistake: one must foresee the preconceptions of an audience and play with them rather than against them, at least until one has them on one's side.

Yet, when all this has been said, I can only continue to assert my belief that many people with an alert ear for style will enjoy this play immensely. It gives Mr. Hyde White a chance for a very characteristic display of that nonchalant throw-away humour of his which always delights me. Miss Jean Kent looks stunning, and bubbles with fun. Mr. Jack Gwillim keeps the second act spinning splendidly with his old buffer, and the young author himself is delightfully absurd as the young son. And there still remains Miss Flora Robson. Hers is a very difficult assignment: she has both to steer the play away from the edge of pastiche and yet fight the preconception (oh these preconceptions!) of the audience which persists in wanting her to "feel." If she is not entirely successful in this razor-edged task, it is quite a sufficiently near thing.

A Kind of Folly is the third of Mr. Holder's plays that we have seen in London. The first was shown at a club theatre, the second received only a Sunday night performance. I have been most impressed by all of them: they have real quality, and I am perfectly confident that if he persists in his folly, it is Mr. Holder who will have the last laugh.

That a bad third act need not be fatal to a play is shown by Mr. Philip King's *Serious Charge* at the Garrick. This is a technically old-fashioned piece, of the problem play type, but in its own way it is extremely well constructed; it grips and, for two acts, it convinces. It opens in the drawing room of a vicarage which has just been done up in the grandest interior decorator's style by the young bachelor vicar. And a pleasant teasing relationship is built up between him and his mother who keeps house for him, fuel being added by the adoration of a local spinster. Excellently done, all this. Miss Olga Lindo, as the mother, is all one's best aunts rolled into one, played with that delicacy of timing and charm which has a whole tradition of English rectory acting behind it. Mr. Patrick McGoohan is one of the only actors in recent years who have been able to make a member of the cloth straightforward and convincing with nothing either of the ninny or the prig; Miss Victoria Hopper comes in nicely as the doting spinster and Mr. Frank Lawton is there to give a touch of polished perfection to a doubting schoolmaster.

Peace and quiet are smashed by the machinations of the local bad boy. Caught out by the vicar in a petty crime, he stages a scene whereby the suspicion that he has been "interfered with" is spread through the village. The vicar is a bachelor, artistic, and a clergyman, so what accusation, in the folk-lore of the Sunday newspapers, could seem more natural? So far completely convincing, it is only a new, unknown vicar's word against the boy's. To break the deadlock the author has to catch the boy out in more petty crime, and this is, frankly, unconvincingly done, though still with the saving touch of a good melodrama. And if Mr. King had stopped at his excellent point where the vicar, after the boy's exposure, finds it impossible to forgive the doubters, his play would have had twice the force. I am sure he underestimates his audience in giving them their soppy ending.

T. C. WORSLEY

AN INDIAN PAINTER

IN the history of art one of the most important developments of the twentieth century may be the emergence of a new humanist Asian art. Or will it be the opposite that is remarkable? Will the desperately practical needs of Asia preclude art for the first half-century of their independent power? What will their art, when it is established, owe to their own traditions, and what to Europe? Such questions can only begin to be answered by those who have lived in Asia. And it is for that reason that the exhibition of painting by the Indian artist, Souza, at Gallery One, Litchfield Street, is both so interesting and so puzzling. Analysis breaks down and intuition takes over. If one enjoys these pictures, one must simply accept that pleasure; what we accept may or may not be what the artist intended.

Souza, who is a comparatively young artist now in London, was born in the Indian Portuguese state of Goa. He was brought up a Catholic but is now hardly an orthodox one. In Bombay he is well known as both a painter and a writer. How much his pictures derive from Western art and how much from the hieratic temple traditions of his country, I cannot say. It is obvious that he is an excellent designer and a good draughtsman. His subjects are landscapes, nudes and figures of priest-like men. The colours he uses are dark and rich and his forms are usually bound by heavy outlines.

I find it quite impossible to assess his work comparatively. Because he straddles several traditions but serves none, his work lacks grace and has to make up for a lack of certainty with a clumsy, individual power. But at the same time it seems to me to contain an imaginative vision which is truly moving. One can of course avoid the whole problem of what his work means by explaining its entire appeal in formal terms. His use of engraved lines, graffitto-like, to enrich the surface of his paint, his sense of pattern tending towards the effect of dark brocaded silks, his method of modelling a figure solid by apparently burnishing the pigment and its tones until the result is reminiscent of a smooth, very simplified but full bronze statue, his occasional use of acid colour, quick and aerial as small flames, his awareness of the weight of the human body—belly keeping it to the ground: all this contributes to the impact of his work.

But what about the arrows that stick so ungorily into the necks of his men, what about the sex of his women, triumphant and yet entirely uncultivated, what about his Byzantine-looking towns and his cubist analysis of objects? Ignorant before the meaning of these phenomena we can only react intuitively. Or are all these considerations fabricated? Are these twenty-one rather clumsy canvases only the expression of a man hopelessly muddled and meaninglessly pushed hither and thither? Are their few qualities only the result of the tag-end of a broken, used-up tradition? I do not know. I can only say that this exhibition draws, fascinates and gives me pleasure. If I try to define what moves me, I come to the conclusion that it is the yielding in the works of the hieratic to the banal, and vice versa. The bearded man in front of the land-

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scape is both arch priest and gimcrack tramp. The nude is a greedy undeniable goddess and yet common as any fruit in a market. The couple are Abraham and Sarah or Bombay shopkeepers. Indeed, the nearest parallel is the Old Testament. A shout can break down a city wall.

Finally, however, I can only recommend readers to go and look for themselves—and also to go and look at Josef Herman's drawings at Roland Browse and Delbanco.

JOHN BERGER

LOOK AND LISTEN

It isn't often one wants to cheer when watching *In the News*; but it was a wonderful moment the other evening when the chairman and all four M.P.s in the programme protested in the strongest terms at being unable; because of the agreement between the B.B.C. and the parties, to discuss the decision to make the hydrogen bomb. If only there were more such protests. Last month, Birmingham bus-drivers and conductors threatened to strike if the cameras of the B.B.C. television *Special Inquiry* team investigating the colour-problem in the city were allowed to enter a Corporation bus garage. That was depressing enough, but at least it was the action not of an official body but of a relatively small group of men, and at least it might be argued that the very threat showed how explosive had become the problem the team had been sent to investigate. This month, British Railways has barred the cameras of the *Special Inquiry* team from its premises.

Just why this should have occurred is not at the moment exactly easy to understand. The reasons are being furiously debated elsewhere, and all one can say so far is that those suggested by the B.B.C. differ considerably from those put forward by British Railways. Perhaps they were at cross purposes from the beginning; or perhaps British Railways does not understand the techniques of television documentary. What does emerge, however, is that here is a public authority, a nationalised industry, showing itself unwilling to submit to the possibility of criticism through the medium of television. If anyone asked—and I see the question has been asked—"Why should it?" the answer is surely quite simple: it is a tradition of our democracy, evolved after centuries of struggle, that public institutions and public affairs should undergo constant public scrutiny. The traditional instrument of this scrutiny is the Press, and its right to make the results of its scrutinies known to the people is exactly what we mean when we talk about the freedom of the Press. The attitude of British Railways, despite its protestations, appears to be a denial of the freedom of television.

Now it may well be that the freedom of television—and of sound broadcasting too—may never be as great as that of the Press, and I fancy it is arguable that the freedom of the Press itself is not as complete as it was half a century ago. Yet if broadcasting, whether in sound or vision, is not allowed a relatively large measure of freedom, we had better realise what we are in for. The best we could be in for would be no ventilation of public affairs, no reporting, no discussion at all. We should then at any rate know where we were. What would be fatal would be for the B.B.C. to put out a programme on, say, British Railways on British Railways' own terms, which is, one can only suppose, what British Railways would have liked in the present instance. Honest reporting is at least an attempt to reach truth, truth as it exists at the moment. The alternative to honest reporting is what is called public relations, and the aim of public relations is not truth, however momentary, but persuasion; it is, in other words, a branch of the art of propaganda; its end is to sell something, or to reconcile, or even to kid the public that black is really white all the time.

The fact that TV cameras are denied entry to Paddington or Crewe does not prevent me from knowing from my own experience that the water-closets on the main-line trains I travel on are not always as sweet as the standards of modern plumbing demand, and are certainly not the most desirable places, though they are the only ones on our trains, in which nursing mothers may suckle their babies in privacy. We can only take it, I think, as yet another instance in the retreat from belief in the importance of free expression of opinion, which, for a depressingly old-fashioned Radical like myself, is tantamount to a retreat from the obligation to seek and state the truth.

How the I.T.A. will fare in this respect one can only wait and see. The B.B.C. may be free of commercial strings but it is certainly not helped by the semi-official position it holds in the community. That this question of freedom of expression and freedom of comment is all-important in the consideration of our broadcasting and television I do not doubt at all; and, as we all know, the B.B.C. itself is by no means inevitably on the side of the angels. It limits its own freedom very cheerfully on occasion, as when, to take a minor instance, it rubs out discussion of its own Reith Lectures or, to take a major, forbids discussion of a threatened railway strike.

And, at the present moment, I wish I could believe it was helping itself in the constant struggle when it decides, as has recently been announced, to disband its television Documentary Unit, the department responsible for *Special Inquiry*. We are told that this will make no difference in the provision of documentary programmes, which will fall into the province of the Talks Department or the Drama Department, as seems appropriate in each separate instance. But inasmuch as British television has a particular glory, it has been among its documentary programmes that it has been found, even though, as in the case of Mr. Crawley's programmes, they have been produced under the aegis of the Talks Department; and on the face of it, it seems a poor way to minister to the self-confidence of those who have already achieved so much suddenly to disband them as a group and disperse them. For there is such a thing as the tradition of documentary in this country. We, after all, invented it; and one had felt that it had become safely vested in the Television Service's Documentary Unit with such series as *Special Inquiry* and *World of Plenty*. One can only hope it remains in as safe keeping in other hands as it has been in those of Paul Rotha.

WILLIAM SALTER

66 AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP's [novel] ***Details of Jeremy Stretton*** will be widely read and discussed because it deals with a subject much before the minds of contemporary thinkers and law-givers—the problem of homosexuality. GLYN DANIEL (Daily Mail). A gripping story—the 'truest' of all novels written on such a theme; her management of it proves that she is among our most adroit and resourceful artists in fiction. DANIEL GEORGE 66

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HEINEMANN

THE MOVIES

'Seven Samurai," at the Academy

To a small village under the hills comes a party of brigands. They stare down, calculate what crops will be there in the Spring, and decide to return as they did last year. A terrified peasant with a bundle of wood on his head rises, as they canter away, out of the hedge to take back the news to his fellows. They can hardly hope to survive another raid; and decide to hire *samurai*, professionals fallen on bad days in these times of unrest—Japan's sixteenth century. The Emperor's palace is crumbling, princes war, leaders spring up from the people, Christianity and the gun make inroads on tradition. Such is the uneasy period to which Akira Kurosawa has turned for a subject that becomes, in his hands, truly epical. Hitherto, in his two films we have seen, he had dealt with legend, with stylised drama and anecdote. This new film shows him as master of a realism that embraces more of humanity, while it succeeds in sustaining the same heroic, if terrifying, ideals.

The peasants find their *samurai*—seven of them picked by an old warrior of superior virtue. The village is scared of them, but they set about making stockades and arming the inhabitants. Life grows easier. The weeks pass. Spring comes—but still no sign of the brigands. Perhaps they won't strike? But the wise warrior shakes his head: that's just when they will. During this delay we get to know the chosen seven intimately: the wily leader, the buffoon sprung from the people, the impeccable swordsman, the acolyte; and the tension of impending attack—for of course it's bound to come—grows intolerably. Relief, exultation, unbounded curiosity, fear are ours when at last, almost incredibly, the bandits appear, on horseback, horned, forty strong.

The rest of the film—which, by the way, lasts some two-and-a-half hours—transmits in detail the to-and-fro of battle, day by day, the ruses by which one after another of the bandits is separated and hacked down, the forest ambushes, the sallies into a misty morning, the stampedes up and down the village clearing, the heroes' deaths, the feigned breach, and the final annihilation of the bandits. And it's completely fascinating, a masterpiece of cinema. So much bloody action would turn the stomach if it weren't that the whole thing has been superbly seen, incident and pace varied, moments of quiet stretched to the full. Admiration increases as the battle takes its toll, and we are made to share the stoical pity of the wise leader, who at the end will walk away, leaving four dead companions in the earth and the peasants singing as they get in the last of their spring crop.

This part is played with beautiful assurance by Takashi Shimura (the wood-cutter of *Rashomon*); and no less brilliant is the pantomime of Toshiro Mifune (bandit in the same film) as the peasant *samurai* whose uneasiness, larking, and eventual joy in battle are given such bodily expression as to make Western acting seem stilted and ballet affected. Character and conduct dominate the welter of killing; and these two men—the inerrable warrior saint and the popular hero—typify history as well as a philosophy. The *samurai* caste was to maintain its tradition for a couple of centuries, and the leader who helped most to reunite Japan was of peasant stock. Whatever one may think of this sanctification of the fighting man, it has deep roots; and roots—in conviction, in life and history—are what, in general, the cinema lacks.

Without them, one may wonder how near Kurosawa could have approached his present intensity and skill. There have been strong move-

ments elsewhere—in Russia, for example, and Italy—but am I wrong in thinking that in Japan there exists a *school* of film-making, comparable to the old religious schools of painting? We should have to see a great many more Japanese films before we could answer that question, or satisfy a curiosity about their approach to contemporary themes.

Meanwhile, here is *Seven Samurai*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Le Lac des Cygnes," at Covent Garden

Svetlana Beriosova is the young hope of the Sadler's Wells ballet, and she has certain advantages which many previous young hopes have lacked. First, in her reserved personality there is such assurance that the stage seems filled by her mere presence: she is no suburban miss apeing the grand manner, or grimacing in endless endearing smiles. But this, besides the charm and poetry of youth, is almost all of her personality that comes across as yet. She dances with large, unhurried gestures that, although at times too slow, are always finished and poised. Nothing is slurred over, not even mistakes, and in this generosity of movement there is profound satisfaction. She makes other dancers, both male and female, appear niggling, as though they were trained for a less serious art. Last week Miss Beriosova made her début in the whole of *Le Lac des Cygnes*. Her acting was unsure, but the good breeding of her style carried her through. The outstanding performance in this production was given by Pamela May as the Queen Mother. The manner in which she surveyed the audience as if it was merely a part of her court, yet with the complete arrogance that commands obedience, was a lesson in the degree to which an audience should be recognised by the performer. It should never be picked out for those sudden leers, by which most dancers imagine they fascinate and rivet our attention. Miss May acted the whole of her subsidiary part with a degree of control and artistry that was not matched by any other member of the company.

A. F.

Correspondence

THE FEAR OF THE BOMB

SIR,—You have done a high service to the world in publishing Mr. Rajagopalachari's letter in favour of refusing to use the atom or hydrogen bomb. I am sure there will be wide approval in Britain of the Indian statesman's appeal to check the madness which has seized all our rulers.

No statesman has previously proposed the policy. Not one of our political leaders here or in America, or in France or in Germany, has failed to acquiesce in the ultimate use of nuclear power. Everyone has announced that nuclear weapons are to be used in retaliation. Consequently the stock piles are growing.

Simultaneously with this letter comes the announcement that the British Government has embarked on the bomb-manufacturing race. I wonder if there are really many people who thrill with a new sense of safety on hearing the news. To a great many of our people it will come as a shock. It shows how completely our rulers are subject to the mentality of the United States Government, and it has come at a time when the American policy has been discredited by failure. A few years ago the policy of wielding the atom bomb was applied by America to frighten Soviet Russia. Today the only quite certain thing is that if an atomic war were to devastate Moscow and Vladivostock, it will equally destroy the vast populations of New York and San Francisco. All sense or reason is out of nuclear warfare. It remains only the surest method of world destruction. And this is the moment chosen by the British Government to proclaim that it also will have its stock pile of H-bombs.

It seems to be time that there should be a realisation of the new world in which we live. What on earth is the use of telling people that, when a great tract of our crowded country is wiped out by a hydrogen bomb, some hundreds of thousands may be saved if they get into shelters in time? Thank you! I have not the slightest desire to come out of an underground shelter under the Tyne to view the remnants of the civilisation of our two great northern coal counties after a hydrogen bomb has been dropped near Newcastle. I want civilisation, not personal security in a burnt-up world.

Therefore now that the policy of retaliatory war has utterly and ludicrously failed, now that we know if it occurs it means the destruction of everything both sides care about, let some nation have the courage on behalf of humanity to say outright that it will never use the mighty destroyer.

I should have liked that to be my nation.

Wallington, CHARLES TREVELYAN
Cambo,
Morpeth.

SIR,—Some members of the Labour Party, who are becoming increasingly disillusioned with it and thinking of retiring from politics, would remain and work in the party if (a) it would now oppose wholeheartedly the wicked decision of the Government to make hydrogen bombs here and (b) pledge a future Labour Government to stop the manufacture of H-bombs and all research on them. This would be a real stand for the cause of peace.

ROBERT S. W. POLLARD
17 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

POLITICS IN THE TEAPOT

SIR,—Only the brasher political leaders would really fight an election on the teapot. You ask for debates on great issues—the hydrogen bomb, German rearmament, the choice between a planned and an unplanned economy. Well, admittedly *Challenge to Britain* evokes the group photograph of the works on its annual outing—everybody neat in collar and tie—but it does devote quite a lot of space to the problems of a planned economy. The official policy still supports a German contribution to Western defence. So there is no debate between the parties on this. THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION thinks there ought to be. This is a matter of opinion. But the hydrogen bomb—there's a difficulty here. For the aspiration to survive is not peculiar to Socialists, it is just human. We could all agree to ban the bomb. But when and how? Is there a Socialist method, as opposed to any other kind of method? It isn't enough to refuse to make the thing in Britain.

What principles are we to follow on the general question of Defence expenditure? Is it more Socialist to spend less money? And most Socialist to spend none at all? Should we then guide the electorate towards the thought that Britain should abandon all her commitments and her treaty obligations? Or should a Socialist be as concerned to stop injustice and tyranny in the international field as he is in the domestic field? We already do demand that poverty be tackled internationally (which won't reduce the price of tea to us). Should we also be demanding that wars of any kind should no longer be regarded as "internal matters," but as subject to international action? Should we press for the creation of a true United Nations with "teeth," so that national armies may be abolished? Surely this would make social sense, and would be Utopian enough, in present circumstances, to satisfy anybody? In which case is it not just possible to regard Nato, which a Labour Government helped to set up, as a small, a very small, step in the right direction?

7 Montpelier Row, OLIVE RENIER
Twickenham.

THE DEATH PENALTY

SIR,—The Government have now made the capital punishment issue a straight one of abolition. It is clear that they will not act on the recommendations of the Gowers Commission, and therefore; as the Commission concluded, there is no choice except that between no action at all and complete abolition.

The Royal Commission was appointed after the House of Lords had rejected the Commons decision to abolish the death penalty and the Labour Government had acquiesced in the rejection because it was felt by the Archbishop of Canterbury and others that the present position was no longer tolerable.

It is still intolerable. "Flavus" is, I believe, wrong in thinking that abolition can never come under a Conservative Government. There are apparently more Conservative abolitionists in the House than ever before, and this is not a party question.

Apart from the moral issue, the complete irrelevance of capital punishment to the murder rate has been brought out once again in the Royal Commission's investigation in abolitionist countries. Abolition does not increase murders and thus the one rational argument for the death penalty falls to the ground. That is an old story, but the Gowers Report re-tells it.

If the public will spare time to grasp that fact, public opinion will not tolerate the death penalty, especially since it has learnt from an ex-Home Secretary that he, in all good faith, allowed a man to be hanged whom subsequent events have shown to be innocent of the crime charged.

Mr. Chuter Ede's courageous speech should hasten the day of abolition and put us level with the civilised Western democracies of Scandinavia, Holland and Belgium, to whom Britain's maintenance of capital punishment is one of the great incomprehensibles.

Welwyn Garden City. CICELY M. CRAVEN

PRICE FIXING

SIR,—The current discussions about price fixing, at the moment mainly of tyres, places the small, independent bookseller, for example, in a difficult position. Theoretically I believe that all price control by manufacturers or distributors is wrong. At the same time I am compelled to acknowledge that unless books are sold at prices laid down by the publishers, the single bookshop would soon cease to exist. The chain bookshops achieve turnovers which would always permit them to undersell everyone else, and in any case books to them are usually side-lines to fancy goods and stationery. I am thus compelled to resist commercially what I believe to be politically right;

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and this dilemma underlines yet again how often our attitudes are forced to become ambivalent in this complicated modern world.

MARTYN GOFF

The Ibis Bookshop, Banstead.

CANING IN SCHOOL

SIR,—I am the Head of a secondary modern co-educational school in just such "a poor, densely populated area" in London to which J. M. Jerram referred in a recent issue. I know the consequent personality problems that arise. *Because* of this knowledge we, here, refrain from caning, nor do we resort to the usual vindictive punishments or find that "something that impresses itself as a punishment is essential."

Our school climate, in which we dispense not only with the negative incentive of punishment but also with the positive incentive of rewards, makes possible a relationship between teacher and child that helps to prevent those situations arising which seem to constitute a *casus belli*.

ALEX A. BLOOM

St. George-in-the-East School,
Cable Street, Stepney, E.1.

JUNG'S IDEA OF GOD

SIR,—The review of Jung's *Answer to Job*, by Adam Curle (NEW STATESMAN, Jan. 29), and particularly the heading to the review—"Jung's God"—give a false picture of the book. Mr. Curle finds it a "muddling book," and this is understandable for it is by no means simple. Nevertheless, most informed readers would agree that the book is clear. The notion that it deals with "Jung's God" or Jung's concept of God is beside the point: what Jung sets out to do is to describe the idea of God given in parts of the Old Testament and in the book of Enoch. Further, he contrasts the Old Testament concept of God with that of the New Testament.

Mr. Curle is puzzled by Jung's statement that God is a psychic reality. But surely it is obvious that no one could consider the concept of God unless there was some subjective awareness of the idea. Jung writes as a psychologist and does not attempt to solve the problem which Mr. Curle appears to think he ought to solve—namely, whether God exists or not. As Jung points out in the book, it is not, so far as he is concerned, a question of whether God does or does not exist but merely that it is a psychological fact that mankind has a concept of God which has developed and altered. Mr. Curle goes on to say that if God does exist, then "it is infantile to attribute to him the qualities of a grumpy old man." But Jung is not attributing any qualities to God but is setting out those portrayed in the Old Testament. These qualities are not, as Mr. Curle suggests, "derived from Jung's knowledge of Jung," but are derived from the Old Testament and other sources of which all the references are given in the book itself.

Mr. Curle considers that Jung ought to have presented his wisdom in some other form—perhaps in a more practical form, so that his readers might get more help for their problems. Jung's contributions upon alchemy, for example, are thought to be esoteric and irrelevant to sickness of the mind today. This, I am afraid, is a misunderstanding of Jung's work on alchemy which is, in fact, a significant contribution to our knowledge of psychopathology.

It is true that Jung has no new revelation to offer in *Answer to Job*, but he did not claim to have one: he set out to deal with certain problems (including the problem of evil) and he has dealt with them in a straightforward manner, recognising the difficulties and making no claim to finality. I beg to suggest, with all respect, that the review is unsatisfactory because it deals not with the book but with Mr. Adam Curle's notion of what the book ought to be.

E. A. BENNET

99 Harley Street,
W.1.

EDWARDIAN DRESS

SIR,—We cannot accept your Diarist's contention that the underlying cause of Edwardian "fancy dress" is emotional insecurity, nor is it necessarily undesirable. It is our belief that Edwardianism in the dress of young people is one of the most healthy activities to be found today in the younger generation. These clothes seem to be condemned by many people because of their recent association with the Clapham Common and also—though this is not always admitted—with class prejudice.

In their clothes, these young people have suddenly found themselves freed from a restrictive convention and have now found a society where improvisation and originality are considered an asset. There is in each of us a natural urge to be creative: natural unselfconscious creativeness does not finish with Primitive painters or middle-class tinkering with ceramic knick-knackery, but can be found in every human activity connected with the visual senses. Anyone who saw the exhibition of Black Eyes and Lemonade in 1951 at the Whitechapel Art Gallery cannot dispute this.

For the first time these boys are looking at their own clothes in a critical artistic sense. A waistcoat or jacket is no longer judged by class or financial standards but by the texture of its material, the combination of colours (which are sometimes most pleasing) and by their shape. These boys are showing an intellectual creativeness and discrimination towards their clothes which the Council of Industrial Design, the Society of Industrial Artists, and others, are fighting a hard battle to develop in the whole of our society towards everything that we see and use.

To make these boys socially unacceptable and label them as delinquent is surely as fatuous as saying that every bowler-hatted Guards Officer seen in London is a regular escort for Princess Margaret.

HUGH SPENCER
ELIZABETH MCCLURG

27 Wellington Square,
S.W.3.

AD FINEM FERRO

SIR,—In two recent editorial comments on the railways you have suggested that a further number of branch lines should be closed to passengers, but you also comment disapprovingly on the withering away of the railway system. On a detailed examination of the situation, this Society believes that any closure of branch lines further to the 1,600 miles closed since 1948 will mean that the withering is taking place. There are practically no branch lines still open today which could not, with enterprise, be made at least sufficiently remunerative to be worth keeping.

Before any line is closed it should be experimented for a trial period of at least a year with really light diesel vehicles, such perhaps as turned a loss into a profit on the County Donegal railways in Ireland. In addition to this, an adequate service with good connections, a reduction of staff, tickets issued in the train and really competitive fares would be necessary. If this code were employed there would be no need to abandon rural people to the vagaries of a country bus service, and if these methods were tried out now it should have an important effect when transport is properly integrated.

People prefer a well run train service to a bus, but the Transport Commission will not make any serious attempt to make these lines pay before abandoning them. It is important that their policy should be changed, and we would welcome everyone with views sympathetic to these to write to me.

NIGEL J. WATT, *Hon. Secretary.*

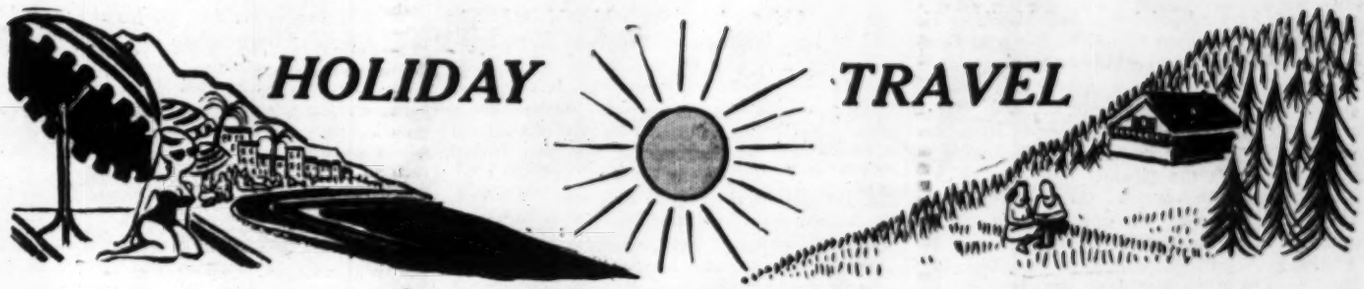
Society for the Reinvigoration of Unremunerative Branch Lines in the United Kingdom.
1 Blenheim Road, N.W.8.

LAWRENCE'S BICYCLE

SIR,—In 1937 I got interested in that bicycle that Richard Aldington says was not a Morris, and wrote Lord Nuffield asking him if he made one for Lawrence. Whereas he told Aldington he gave up making bicycles before 1900, he wrote me that he gave up doing so before T. E. was born. He would then be under 11 years old.

So I approached another memory. "Oh yes, Mr. Morris made Ned a bicycle when he was 15. It had an exceptionally high top gear. I remember how he came and waited in the sitting-room while the cheque was made out. He went on making them till about 1904. He made one for the boy's father. . . ."

ERIC KENNINGTON



Getting to Know Them

THE sight is disturbing. Walking down the Strand or Piccadilly, wearing a suit that is too pale, with shoulders too square, his hair too short, his shoes too brown, his camera too expensive, comes the Foreigner who is looking at Us. In a few months' time, we hope, we shall be the Foreigner in his country looking at Him, and we shall be in his difficulty: how to get to know Them. As he now comes towards us, we see that a temporary solution of the difficulty has been made. At a half-trot beside him runs his familiar, one of Us in fact, a small fellow wagging his shoulders, waving his arms about, talking his head off, boasting with the disparaging sneer of the ham actor. Half a boot-licker, half an enemy, he is at the moment playing the part of the typical Cockney. The tourist walks on straight and hardly listens. He knows he has made a mistake. How can he escape the fact that, in getting to know the foreigner, he has picked the wrong one? He has been picked up by one whose sole exhibitionist desire is to be typical. He has been Blimey-ed round London, as presently we shall be Be-dadded and Begorrahed round Dublin, Caramba-ed about Madrid and Parker Fifty One-ed, in Chicago accents, round Rome and Naples.

We, of course, are not so easily picked up by these *farceurs*. We keep our ears open for the key phrase that unlocks all. "Such is life," sighs the old lady at the kiosk on the boulevard. The French (we darkly reflect) are realists. "Ay yai yai," sighs a similar old lady in the Gran Via. (The Spaniards, we note, are fatalists.) "Grüsz Gott" (the Germans are gluttonous). The Swiss gentleman introduces us to his wife. (A nation of Robinsons.) The Spanish gentleman does not introduce us to his wife. (Oriental seclusion.) The Italian lady slaps her child across the face. (Primitive passions of the Mediterranean.) The American asks "How much?" (Materialism of the Americans.) And now our knowledge of the languages comes into play. Those copy-book remarks about reason and faith, remorse and regret, Montaigne and Pascal which the French trot out by the dozen (French wit) sound epigrammatic, decisive and profound in French and not as flat as they really are in English. There is always an element of self-congratulation in speaking or understanding a foreign language, and this adds significance to the most trivial phrases. The Portuguese tram conductor in Lisbon says: "There is no freedom here. We are watched all the time by spies." In Portuguese, we are swept away by the drama of it; a little later, when we English it to ourselves, we wonder how, if there is no freedom, he can make a loud political speech in a tram without getting into trouble. For a moment, when another Portuguese, a taxi driver, tells us that Churchill and Attlee have cunningly invested their private fortunes in Krupps and that explains German rearmament, we are swept away—terrible that we, in our muzzy British way, always lack that clarity of mind and syntax which the Continental is born with. Foreign languages act like alcohol upon the understanding.

But there is a two-way traffic in this intercourse. There is the foreigner who is intoxicating himself with English.

"Espain," he says, perhaps: "Many priests. England—clergymen? Bullfight no good, England football, Espain also. Manchester very busy."

"What does he say?" asks a fellow-tourist.

We fill out as we wish when we get home: "I met a very knowledgeable Spaniard who spoke English. They are good linguists. He had spent some years in Manchester. Perhaps not typical, but he said the country was priest-ridden and that he wished the Spanish clergy were more like the English. He said Spaniards were giving up bullfights for football."

Our companion has, however, another version: "I couldn't quite make out what the fellow said, but he seemed to be annoyed that the English clergy had said bullfights were no good. After all, Spain is a Catholic country. The last time he went to Manchester he saw Spain play England at football."

One presses on to asking the right questions. In Portugal, again, one cunningly says: "Everything seems very quiet and peaceful here." "Ah—but only on the surface. We are not stupid." So, to the next man one says: "I hear there is discontent under the surface—hem?" The reply is "We are not stupid. That is propaganda—everything is quiet and peaceful." Since the right questions have a way of eating their own tails, the only thing seems to be the long conversation, two hours in the car, the train, at the café table. It begins splendidly. What a brilliant man this is: allusively he side-slips from monarchy to republicanism, from liberalism to communism, from religion to scepticism, from monotheism to

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BRITISH RAILWAYS

Short Sea Routes to France

paganism, from collectivism to individualism. He has been to Hampton Court, he has read Galsworthy. He goes on to culture—Chartres, what a jewel! Santiago—baroque. Velasquez—what a painter! Shakespeare—to be or not to be. Once again the language has been a trap. It has increased the availability of bores, of talkers at large.

At this point the talented tourist receives a shock to his *amour-propre*. He stands staring at the foreign crowds, thinking that all he has achieved is an exchange of sentences with bootblacks, hotel porters, waiters, paper sellers, barmen, men in trains, but about the life about him he knows next to nothing. There is a rush hour in this city, as in all cities of the world, but he does not know what anyone is rushing to. It is at this moment that he sees a humiliating sight. He sees the drunken Englishman. Reeling in some public square, the genial vulgarian is singing in common accents, shouting, offering his money or a bottle to passers-by, surrounded by delighted friends, supporting himself, very likely, on the shoulder of some official. They are laughing with him, they lead him; an evening of sociability is before him. Friends, experiences, everywhere; at the police station, the railway station, in the music hall or the bar, he is deeply involved. Or—if it is not the drunken Englishman, it is the timid but now irate English lady protesting about a dog or a child: more friends, more enemies too—but contact. It is the old lesson of the international love affair: none moves so fast and surely as that in which the parties are ignorant of each other's language. Actions (the talented tourist has to descend to a truism) speak louder than words. The incomprehensible Glasgow engineer drops into the Basque iron works and speechlessly captains the football team. The tongueless groom gets to know French life inside out through the medium of his racehorse. Poor Miss Nobody falls ill and Italy becomes an open book in no time. George Borrow gets to know a nation by selling a book no one wants from door to door. A student, on his beam ends, learns more in three days shovelling gum copal, in the yard of a varnish factory, than the Sorbonne or the International Youth Movement or the Cyclists' Touring Club can put him in the way of in a year. We have been doing the wrong things and asking the wrong questions. The right questions are possibly: How long has your stomach been troubling you? Do you sleep well at night? How much do you earn? Are you worried? Which neighbour annoys you? Do you hate your sister? The right actions? Any form of trouble: a row, a theft, an illness, an accident. It would be supreme to put out a fire.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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The Perfect Loafer

WESTERN man is rarely a pure contemplative: he cannot contemplate in a void. The European contemplative needs something to look at; but if he is going to be a good loafer it should not be such as to challenge him to action; or, if there is action, it must be mild. He will climb a nice hill, but prefer to sit down and merely look at a mountain. Our working lives are extrovert: our holiday lives should be passive, receptive . . . receptive of two kinds of phenomena: man and his works; Nature and hers.

Only certain places in Europe are suitable for the novice loafer. For loafing does not consist in doing nothing merely because there is nothing to do. Nor, of course, does it consist in lying naked on fashionable beaches involved, like Scott Fitzgerald characters, in the exhausting *Stürm und Drang* of a demanding social life. It may entail visiting the busiest places and remaining almost, but not quite, idle. But what it *must* entail is the pretence that you have all the time in the world, although you have only a fortnight; and this means that, in that fortnight, you do no more than you would if you did have all the time in the world.

First, then, the places suitable for urban, or cultured, loafing. Older readers may remember one of Edward G. Robinson's gangster films in which, enriched and surrounded by Hollywood notions of the "accidents" of a polished life, he described himself as "crawling with culture." Places crawling with culture are suitable for loafing provided that the climate is good: the cities of Tuscany, of Provence and of Andalusia or Greece. But in order to demonstrate the technique, I shall choose a larger city, Rome.

Upon arrival in Rome, the loafer will wander about the city on foot, loitering and dawdling, window-shopping, staring at the Romans, looking at monuments but only in idle wonder or admiration or contempt, not trying to discover what, or why they are, nor their history, nor even their price. (Italian guides, in deference to a majority of their clients, have taken to pricing everything.) Sooner or later the loafer will discover a café he likes the look of. Now he cannot, in the time at his disposal, sample all the many cafés in Rome. So, having found one suitable, he will assume it to be the best, find reasons for the assumption, settle into it, choose one particular table and stick to it and grumble if someone else has it. He will tell himself: "Here, for many long years, I have come every day for my coffee, with such punctual regularity that the people set their watches by me." After three days he will feel that this is true. One can create truth for one's self.

While sitting in his café, the loafer will decide upon a sight to contemplate, a picture, a monument, a building, a view. He will never visit a museum as such: only some object in it. He will perhaps select one corner of St. Peter's. He will make up his mind which Rome interests him, and if he finds imperial Roman ruins a bore, as I do, will not visit them merely because they are there and he is in Rome. If the Coliseum is nothing to him, then why waste time on it? And having made a choice, which may be an object as large as St. Peter's, or as small as one picture in the Vatican, he will spend long, easy mornings over his coffee, staring at the unfortunates all working away like mad around him—like the blessed looking down from Heaven to enjoy the tortures of the damned—and preparing his mind for the day's contemplation of his chosen "sight." An hour with it will suffice, to be remembered and dwelt on during a protracted luncheon. Afternoons will be spent in distant and detached staring, in the course of a walk or ride, at all the other sights which he will *not* approach more nearly, nor perhaps even seek to identify until he returns from his holiday and begins to wonder what on earth that odd-looking place was up the Via so-and-so?

Rustic loafing is not as easy as it sounds, the distractions of a seaside or countryside being so numerous. The place should be selected with care. It used to be possible to find small fishing villages, what the French call a *petit coin pas cher*, where that delightful variant on loafing, *mucking about in boats*, or for that matter just mucking about, was possible. Such places are now apt to be infested with people offensively like oneself. Therefore, on the whole, vast empty beaches with rocks and pools are now safer. There are, between Dungarvan and Waterford on the southern coast of Ireland, miles of magnificently sandy beaches and rocks and pools which, on August holiday last year, were more or less deserted. There any good loafer could spend weeks of bliss, although the difficulty would be accommodation. He might stay in Waterford and use a bicycle; or, if he takes a car, caravans are to be hired in Cork.

For Spring, or very early summer loafing, Alpine meadows are admirable: for example, from late April to early June the southern descents of any of the passes into Italy or the southern slopes of the Dolomites provide suitable sites. Spring in the mountains is always much younger, newer and fresher than Spring in the plains. But the wise loafer will not dash madly about from fields of crocus to valleys of narcissus, from cliffs of gentian to gentle slopes of primula. Like the urban loafer he will make a choice of something to look at and keep looking at it until he has seen it well. In the Ligurian Alps, with the sea to rest his eye, he may, as I did, find a group of "shocking" pink cypripedium orchids growing on an emerald ledge not dangerous or difficult of access. These he will contemplate for several days, taking an intense interest in the visiting insects. In the Dolomites he may find tall martagon lilies to stare at, under scrub oaks, with a vast lake at his feet and the snows behind him. Nor are flowers the only mountain objects to hold his eye still and his spirit relaxed: in the Pyrenees, for instance, it may well be the curious and ancient pattern of the cloth used to cover great dun oxen whose slow and massive gait is as good as a long rest in its effect.

Finally, a rather advanced form of loafing is watching moving water. It may, of course, be enhanced, in certain places, like Galway and parts of West Scotland, by the extraordinarily restful pastime of fish-watching. It may be practised in the purest form by sitting in a deck-chair on a cruise liner with a book in an unknown

11.30
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A.S.

Phone Bill and ask him about that place in Norway — hovik or ulvik?

She might like Alassio

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Will it be too hot in July? Switzerland might be better.

Which air company goes?

Get the bus to pick us up an hotel list from Thos Cook in Strand or Regent St?

Do you get meals on tourist class?

33 or 66 lbs of luggage — check with airport on phone.

Indian — should be a connection — with Victoria — they should know.

What about sleepers — where can they be reserved — ask for.

Do I need a visa for Italy — write to consulate.

Settle on Alassio — is it to be The Europa or Beau Sejour?

Renew passports

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How much in sterling and how much in Travellers Cheques?

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language on the knees, simply to ward off the sociable. Or it may, again, be practiced in the mountains, notably the Alpes Maritimes, with the gorges, water-falls and rapids of the Loup, the high fields of lavender to scent the air, Tourettes, St. Paul and Vence itself to stay in, and parts of Gide's *Journals* as a guide-book—one of the very few which the loafer dare open; for, like the loafer, Gide looked long at small things and ignored the panorama.

EDWARD HYAMS

Where's that Courier?

WHEN you choose to travel in a conducted party, accompanied by a courier, you wish to travel without tears. The hotels are waiting for you, safe as houses; the head waiters have marked your tables; your carriages in the trains (if you do not go by coach) are plastered with labels; the forests of foreign languages never engulf you. And you have a courier to smooth the edges. You do not have to invent uncertain enterprises, in fact you are spared the trouble and inconvenience of making up your mind. Your week or fortnight is arranged, time-tabled and tested, and you have nothing to offer the collective party programme except your own enthusiasm and curiosity.

These, possibly, are more called for in a conducted party tour than in any other. Most agencies assume, quite rightly, that conducted party-goers travel to broaden their minds; they lay on itineraries of historical and cultural interest which can, in the limits of time and space, prove somewhat tiring. The beauties and jewels stun, the singing stones bewilder and the roads up the several hills grow longer. The courier, if he accompanies these itineraries (although it is always the conscripted guide who gives the information), is apt to appear like a school teacher or a scout master. "What! Another church!" Mrs. Brown cries reproachfully, climbing a hundred tiny steep steps. "How long is *this* museum?" demands Miss Robinson, and "When can we have a cup of nice hot tea?" asks Miss Jones.

This is the problem of the courier. He has to *represent* the tour. It is really run by waiters, railway officials, guides, gondoliers, coach-drivers and clerks. But the courier has to look as if he were responsible for it, not only when the tour runs smoothly but when something goes wrong. When I first began in travel-agency work, the chief courier told me: "Always remember this. If there is a train accident, if the ship sinks, if people get poisoned by hotel food, it is your fault. The agency has nothing to do with it. The same thing applies to earthquakes, epidemics, riots and cloudbursts." And the truth of the matter is that hardly any conducted tour goes without unforeseen periods of confusion and panic.

On one occasion, at Turin, a uniformed station man placed forty clients, with myself as courier, in a train bound for Paris. "We are all hungry," I told this man, who looked as efficient as a time-table, "and would like to go to the dining car now." "I should wait until the train starts," he said; "you have the meal ticket reservations." He waved us good-bye, with all the authority of a station-master, and I went to look for the dining car. I crawled and squeezed from one end of the train to the other, through regiments of fat men, expectant mothers, livestock and mineral-water sellers. "But there is no dining car on this train," said a guard in amazement. "There has never been a dining car on the 7.15." This meant no dinner or breakfast in the morning.

It was the last stage of the tour; everyone had indigestion from *pasta* and ruins and was looking forward to good strong cups of tea, a walk along the front, the first bronzed day at the office. It was no time for travel adventures. At the next stop I jumped out of the train and put a telephone call through to the next main station. Could they provide coffee and sandwiches for forty people? "Sorry, no staff. No bread. No coffee." Could they get it from a restaurant? They'd try. Early the next morning I asked the guard to hold up the train. In a ruined French buffet stood a very old waiter surrounded by pots of coffee and stacks of sandwiches.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," I said to my starving party. "You will have to charge straight at the buffet and surround it." I pointed towards the buffet. "Those are *your* sandwiches and that is *your* coffee. Directly the train stopped everyone smelt the coffee, poured out of the compartments and made for the terrified old waiter. But my party was there first. The next day, in England, the terrible night would be transcended. "By the way, old chap, we had rather an amusing French breakfast. . . ."

One of the most difficult problems for the courier is tea. Tea is an enormous emotional safeguard for many English travellers, and they will automatically regard the courier as a man who can produce tea from museums, olive groves, or ruined wine shops. I have taken parties to Mont Blanc, Vesuvius, the Rhone Glacier, and Pompeii. On the impact of the experience, ten out of twenty will cry for cups of strong hot tea, and blessed seems the steady alcoholic man who sidles off to the local café and buries his face in a glass of wine. "But there must be tea," cries a lady overcome by folk-dancing or Botticelli. And if there is tea, it is always thin, faded and incredibly banal. "They said in the pamphlet, Mr. Carson, that tea is now provided all over Europe. Do you call this tea?" Or if tea is not the problem, it is food without oil, or hotels without noise. In fact, although the attitude of the British traveller is changing, it is always a relief to find the rebel in the conducted party, the one who is beginning to hear the secret drums for himself, to turn the corner of private adventure.

The rebels give trouble, but it is more welcome than the preoccupations over private rooms with balcony and bath, which frequently never materialise, or the exact currency rate of travellers' cheques or times of trains, and the terrible fuss over Mrs. Brown not sitting with Mrs. Smith in the same compartment. There was a bank clerk who, at Pompeii, suddenly started digging in the Strada della Abbondanza

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and created a day of trouble with the municipal authorities, the police, the consular service and the guides. He dug up a pillar, a petrified dog, and a cache of American cigarettes. It was the first moment he had ever broken out; the dream had taken possession of him, and it is fortunate that most travel agencies allow days of individual enterprise free of the organised travel routine. I am certain that most couriers welcome the burden of the traveller lit with rebellion, because, apart from the normal self-interest of the profession, the courier has the flair of travel in his blood, the train wheels pulse in his veins, one foot is in England, the other in the garden of the Hesperides.

In other words, apart from expecting improvisation and efficiency, the traveller should look to the courier as a link with new, bright and hazardous worlds. If he needs to go a step further, the courier will help him: it is his obligation, his is a holiday task. The conducted tour is the best introduction to personal adventure in the new colour of old worlds, it is studded with memories of enchanted streets and haunted squares. "Next year, dear, we will go to that little hotel in Venice. . . . Do you remember . . . when the courier took us with that Miss Banderly . . . and the dog fell in the canal. . . ."

ANTHONY CARSON

A Gourmet's Europe

THE safest receipt for eating well is much the same as for making a collection of paintings: some taste and a great deal of money. If you buy established masters, from Giotto to Picasso, your collection will not be exciting, but it will be composed of masterpieces. Similarly, if you stick to Lapérouse or the Vert Galant in Paris, and go straight to the Chapon Fin at Bordeaux, you can still experience the elegant sophistication of old Europe. But this is cheating. The more enterprising gastronome will limit his expenditure, say, to twice what he would spend in this country, and then seek for meals that are interesting, if imperfect. His field of search is limited. Most gastronomic advice is negative—where not to go; though you may stumble on good food in unlikely places. There is one good restaurant in England (outside London). There is even Bailey's in Dublin, to contradict the view that Irish cooking is the worst in the world.

Good food, in the sense of food prepared with art and care, is confined in Europe to Western Christendom. It goes with a settled, peaceful civilisation and a prosperous middle class. Russian food, pervaded by sour cream, is mainly an excuse for drinking vodka, if any were needed; and the experience of eating stewed mutton or goat in the mountains of Macedonia, though memorable, is not a gastronomic pleasure. It would be tempting to add the generalisation that Protestantism produces gross rather than good meals. Scottish cooking is an exception on the one side (though not in Scottish hotels), as Irish is on the other. Perhaps the truth is rather that Northern Europe is ruined for the gastronome by the predominance of the pig. Something can be done with pig's feet, as in North-Eastern France. Otherwise the pig is superlative only when cold—ham or salami—or in sausages. The best thing in Germany is that vast porcine miscellany, the *Kalte Platte* (of which the French provide an inferior version with the strange inappropriate name of *assiette anglaise*). The gastronome who is unfortunate enough to find himself in Germany should always eat at the restaurant of the local Town Hall. The city fathers see to it that he gets the best that Germany can offer. More wisely, if he wishes to experience German cooking, he will stick to Alsace, which in this, as in so much else, possesses German merits without German defects. There is nowhere in the world better to eat in than Strasbourg, as the members of the Council of Europe discovered long ago. The wisest among them no doubt escape to the valleys of the Vosges, where they can also eat trout with almonds.

But of course the conscientious gastronome will spend most of his time in France, if only because of the many guide-books which tell him where to pursue the study of his subject. Not that all French cooking is good. In fact, most of it is conventional and lifeless. By a curious chance, people hardly ever eat well either by the sea or in the mountains—the two principal holiday resorts. Only Dieppe redeems the coast of Normandy, though there is wonderful food inland. The best meal I ever ate in my life was at Vieux-Port, a little restaurant on the lower Seine which exists solely for eating: the only view is of oil tankers passing by. Brittany is a blank land for the gastronome once he has eaten fresh sardines. Shrimps, even lobsters, soon become a bore. The same is true, in my opinion, of many regional specialities, which are eaten only as a local curiosity. Snails, pike, goat's cheese, even the *bouillabaisse* of Nice, are not things that I would eat for choice, just as home-made versions of *vieux marc* can be justified only by a prurient inquisitiveness.

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Fancifulness is well on the way to ruining French eating-places. The amenities are becoming more important than the food. Many years ago, when I first tried one of the half-dozen restaurants to which Michelin gave three stars, I ate in a tin shack with no view, bare boards and cane chairs. But the food was perfect. Last summer, I found another. A beautiful situation by a lake; coloured napkins and great comfort; excellent service. But the fish and the chicken had the same cream sauce; and there was neither a green vegetable nor salad on the menu. A meal to provoke a bilious attack, not aesthetic appreciation. The only restaurants to have escaped this prettification are the station buffets, which motorists usually ignore; and it is still worth taking a train from Paris to Dijon, solely for the lunch at Dijon station.

A safe rule is that the food is best where there is the best wine. Burgundy offers classical French cooking, once you get off the main road to the south—dishes that seem to have simmered almost as long as French civilisation. The country behind Bordeaux, especially on the lower Dordogne, is equally good and freer from transient motorists. Here there are not merely Romanesque churches, but the cave-paintings of prehistoric man, to remind us how much art and sophistication lie behind good food.

The essence of French cooking is patience; of Italian, haste. The poor live on spaghetti; only the rich eat well. The frying pan settles everything. Italian meals always verge on a banquet if they have any character at all. They have the luxury of a country which is still wild underneath. Italy's showplace for food is Bologna, as good in its way as Dijon. But there is something gross in the way veal, ham, and cheese are piled in alternate layers, with a fried egg on top. Venice has been ruined by the tourists. Most of the food is no better than at Blackpool. But the railway station offers the best breakfast which is to be had on the Continent of Europe.

There is not much to provoke gastronomic travel beyond Italy and France. Spain has a wonderful rice-dish, which combines chicken and oysters; otherwise Spanish food is as heavy as the wine. Austrian cooking is much admired by some, but its main courses are commonplace and the vegetables thickened with flour. Only the peasant dish, *Beuschl* (made from strips of lung) is outstanding. Where Austria scores is in soups and sweets, both incomparable. Nothing in the world can challenge *Apfelstrudel*, but it must be *ausgezogener* (drawn out), not made of *Butterteig*. Otherwise make do with *Salzburger Nockerln*, a sort of cream omelette. Even wiser is to eat cakes at Demel or Gerstner. They will go some way to persuade you that old Austria understood the art of civilised living after all.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

For Pleasure and Profit

A YOUNG Englishwoman (Newnham, second year; rather earnest) asked a much-travelled Frenchman, in my hearing, for the secret of the Compleat Tourist. "My dear young lady," he replied, "there are two sovereign rules. First, never forget the lesson of the Golden Fleece. Secondly, make up your mind to do only half—but, I insist, the right half—of the guide-book's prescribed sightseeing." Then, after a pause, he added, though perhaps I ought not to disseminate this counsel of imperfection: "Always spend more than your banker thinks you can afford, but don't waste money on buying the wrong things."

Why his cryptic reference to the Fleece? I take his meaning to be that, even if it isn't really more important to travel than to arrive, there is much merit in remembering—no matter how purposive the journey—that lots of unforeseen, amusing or exciting things may happen on the way. And, this being so, there is much to be said for travelling slowly—picking the flowers, as it were, while the engine gathers steam for the incline.

Air travel, I know, has much in its favour for those whose holidays are circumscribed by inexorable dates; and an interesting feature of organised travel, this year, is the increase in offers by agencies of circular tours which begin, by road, at the end of a flight which saves time over the (perhaps familiar and unrewarding) intermediate distance. But the passenger by air misses a lot—those thrilling indication plates on the international sleeping cars at Ostend, the Gare de Lyon or Basle; the aroma of morning coffee in the dining car whither one staggers sleepily, to find that the windows now give on to a fresh, undiscovered land; the halts at country platforms, where every waiting face is a fresh page in the traveller's lexicon.

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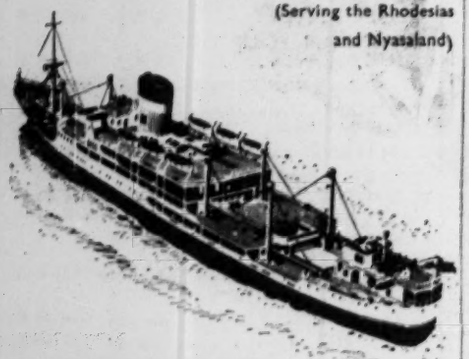

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Accidental adventures *en route*? No doubt they are most easily come by if you tour in your own unregimented car. Not necessarily an extravagant means of travel: in Corsica, for example, where many inns lack comfort, one splendid and remote beach, at Girolata, demands camping—there is no hotel there, and a car, *plus* tent, is also ideal, and economical, for a stay at Asco, the high-spot of the island's mountains. Indeed, in summer, the civilised motorist can sleep cheaply and care-free, by his car, almost anywhere from Bordeaux to Naples, from Turin to Kotor. Yet, car-less, the tourist may still do well by road—in organised coach or in public transport, according to his fancy. If you are not in too great a hurry, all Europe is visitable by bus, in the friendly company of *commis voyageurs*, peasants, poultry, dogs and fleas. And much of profit is to be seen and learned on the unhurried way.

But not, I would urge with my French friend, *too* much. Let the tourist be as sturdy as may be, fortified with chlorodyne against Southern food, and wisely shod (if sex be female) in deliberately easy-fitting shoes: that earnest search for three-star, architectural *Sehenswürdigkeiten*, that grim tramp down the endless corridors of the Vatican, will take deadly toll of ability to enjoy things seen, unless there is determined selectivity in planning. The wise man or girl (or both together, if they are lucky) will have picked their room—taking care, if the town be unfamiliar, that the window does not look on a street which is ever so medievally peaceful in the evening but turns into a frantically noisy market at 5 a.m.—will lie peacefully in bed with coffee and rolls, will read that guide-book with discrimination, will mark twenty things which demand to be seen in the day, and decide to see ten. One mid-morning *apéritif*, with rested ankles, is worth two Giorgiones.

Finally, that question of shopping. There are Wine Maps of France and Germany; but not, so far as I know, a Shoppers' Map of Europe. There should be one. For a man, the problem is simple: each country in Europe has some form of recommendable local alcohol; and he will doubtless bring home, as a short-lived souvenir, as much as he imagines the British Customs will tolerate. But what of our young Newnham lady? To her I would say: Don't waste your travel allowance on things which you can buy just as well, and as cheaply, in England. Take with you what you need in the way of face-creams; and don't purchase on the Continent sweaters which were made in Hawick. France? Good buys are obviously scent, printed silks and amusing espadrilles, which can be worn as house slippers at home if they survive the *plage*. In Italy and Spain I should concentrate on shoes, leather goods (you can even run to crocodile) and dress accessories—with an eye perhaps to woven silks in Lombardy. From Portugal you may bring back a stock of crude but charming pottery, purchasable for a song; from Switzerland (if you already have a watch) some fine *batiste* cottons; and in Bavaria and all that remains of what you, my dear young lady, have read of as the Holy Roman Empire, you can let yourself go on peasant cloth for *dirndl* skirts, and on a jolly collection of silver buttons and buckles.

There, if you must have material souvenirs, is a fragment of practical advice. But the real profit to be reaped from a holiday abroad is surely the recollection, not always of a pilgrimage achieved, but often of a happening—an encounter, a sunset, a *cassata* on a hot afternoon—as accidental and as memorable as the things which befell the Argonauts, those unescorted tourists of long ago.

JOHN GALLOWAY

Maps and Memories

BERNARD SHAW was wrong, or was whistling to keep up his fortitude, when he said that all the pleasures attaching to ownership of a sea-going yacht could be obtained by lying on a sofa, closing the eyes and giving free rein to the imagination. Things seen, touched and smelt are (I insist) worth more—at any rate to most of us—than things dreamed of; and I have yet to be persuaded that the mind's eye or, for that matter, the glories of scenic 3-D in colour can be a satisfactory substitute for going places oneself. "Travel is victory": so runs an old Arab saying; and though its author, I suspect, thought of foreign lands as places to be invaded with sword, not Baedeker or Blue Guide in hand, it remains true that the least warlike traveller, on innocent holiday bent, has conquered two of man's worst enemies, the chain and the grindstone. Footloose, he has achieved his own Liberation from imprisonment by life, a splendid, victorious enlargement.

Yet, within their limits, maps (it seems to me) must be allowed their potency—for evocation, enticement and remembrance. Most travellers will admit that they have been a big factor in their lives. For me it began with a great globe (sadly faded) which could be twirled by childish fingers while a sea-going friend of the family, who had sailed with Joseph Conrad in the *Torrens*, spun tremendous yarns whose veracity the listener, four or five years old, accepted happily. "Here be lions": the romance of the old cartographers never had a better exponent for a spell-bound child. Then came first acquaintance with *Bartholomew's Advanced* (published then, I fancy, by Mr. Wm. Collins on my native Clyde) and the allurement of the Great Names. Chimborazo, Cotopaxi—to say nothing of Kilimanjaro and Kinchinjunga—me too they "took by the hand." My head stuffed with indiscriminately voracious reading, from Prester John to Mulvaney and Almayer, I would quarry from the atlas the glamour of Babylon and Marrakesh, Mandalay and the Great Trunk Road; trace with a grubby finger the course of the Orinoco and the gorge-pent upper Indus; imagine I could catch from the tinted pages the scent of Malaya and the Celebes. And presently, of course—O happy optimism of schooldays!—I should see them all.

Some, indeed, I have seen: wars and chance gave me a fair share of travel. Not to nearly all the mountains of my youthful longing; but from Tiger Hill I have watched the rising sun's fingers illume greedily the Five Treasuries of the Snow, and—half-frozen, sick and short of breath—I have had a glimpse of the Golden Throne and K2's infinitely remote summit from a modest peak above the Korakoram Pass. Andes and Celebes have both eluded me, but I have learned the smell of *gnapi* and of Moroccan *souks;* and though I have never found Kipling's impossibly sited "old Moulmein Pagoda," an unlikely arrangement of destiny once put me in command of a small armed vessel which patrolled the Irrawaddy delta, where absurd mirages would often plant the Shwe Dagon upside down in the silty swell, and we would sometimes tie up in the Mergui Archipelago—sprays of orchids, that reeked like scented death, hanging over the bows.

Grey hair brings ease from an itch for the ends of the earth. I know now that I shall never stagger triumphantly up the last slopes of Kilimanjaro or Aconcagua, never visit Tierra del Fuego or reach the source of the Salween or the Mekong; and I suspect—without too agonising a regret—that Samarkand will remain, for me,

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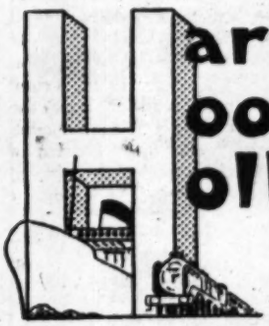

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unvisited. Age contracts—even appetite for maps. Indeed, I know a Scots traveller, now grizzled and home-bound, who keeps in his desk, and whiles spells out, one single sheet of the one-inch Ordnance Survey. For him, it is enough to read and re-read a litany of loved, familiar names: Coighach, Suilven, Gruinard Bay and An Teallach—the whole of summer in the heart, he says; and only business would now take him overseas.

That, I find, is an *immobilisme* I do not wish to share. With Gilgit out of reach, I am content to enjoy Pen-y-Gwryd; and Mr. Bartholomew's remoter pages have lost for me, I concede, their sense of being attainable. (Not distance, in an age of air travel, but just dreary lack of money is the barrier.) Yet I cannot open that double-spread entitled "Europe"—a score of nicely coloured countries, with Turkey and French North Africa left obscurely white but still temptingly accessible—and not feel that it is high time to plan another trip. It may still be winter in London, but the Moroccan *bled* is in flower, Sicily and the Greek Islands already kissed awake by Spring. Soon, while snow enthusiasts can still take their skis to Norway and Sweden, early flowers will be out on grassy alps, from Pirin to the Karawanken, from the Tauern to Les Ecrins. In a month or two, the sun will be hot in the gardens of the Generalifé, on the mellow masonry of Dubrovnik: chairs will be outside Florian's, cooks at every *étape* on the Routes Nationales busy with sauces.

As I turn the atlas pages, I am appalled by the realisation of how much I have missed even in this little Western fringe of the great Eurasian land-mass. Why, I have never had a *ballon* plenished for me at Cognac; never visited Andorra, nor the Swiss National Park; never bathed off the Calabrian shore, never . . . The map has done its trick again, even though that grasshopper of which the Psalmist wrote has begun to be a tiny bit heavy, and I now prefer Air France's Viscounts to the tramp steamers and the *quarante hommes, dix chevaux* of my youthful holidays. Well, well, there is nothing for it but to get out those guide-books and see if my bankers will stand an enlargement of that overdraft in the great cause of one more Liberation.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Out of the Way

THE older readers of THE NEW SATESMAN are unlikely to want much guidance for holidays in the more familiar tourist countries of Europe. France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Spain—and even Portugal and Yugoslavia—are well-trodden ground; and for all these countries *tourisme* is highly organised by all the leading agencies. There are, however, a few less familiar places accessible—at least by those who have means and some leisure—to which brief (and by no means comprehensive) reference may be useful.

For example, one agency includes unusual East European travel—Hungary, Bulgaria and Rumania—in its programme of tours. Or again, particularly for early summer holidays, there is Israel (ship from Marseilles, tourist class about £70-£75 return). From Israel an agreeable extension of the tour would be to the Lebanon, where a number of cedar-ringed mountain resorts—superb, incidentally, for winter-sports—are only an hour's journey from Beirut and the sea. Then there are shipping lines which service Homer's islands from Brindisi; and Cyprus (conveniently in the sterling area) can be reached quickly enough by B.E.A. (return fare £108). In the same part of the world, and practically unknown so far to Western tourists, is the Anatolian Riviera of Turkey (Antalya and smaller resorts). Or there is North Africa. Hot, of course, in summer; but the Atlantic coast of South Morocco—Safi, Mazagan, Mogador and Agadi—has magnificent beaches and excellent hotels. Casablanca can be reached quickly by Air France; onwards by bus. (You can also go by ship from Bordeaux.) There are possibilities, too, in the Atlas: Azrou, near Meknès, and a number of resorts beyond Marrakesh are attractive even in the heat of August.

All these expeditions, of course, are somewhat costly: distance means money for the holiday traveller. Less ambitious of attainment, but still a little off the beaten track, is Corsica, "touristified" only round Calvi and Ile Rousse. There is a steamer service both from Marseilles and Nice (very crowded in summer), or—not much more expensive—there is one hour's flight from Nice by Air France to Ajaccio or Bastia. Buses, temperamental but amusing, cover the island adequately. Enthusiasts for islands and archaeology can also reach Sardinia by air or ship from Civita Vecchia, and under-water swimmers might try the Lipari group. Lodgings are primitive, and the local chickens vie with *capretti* for toughness; but living is peaceful and very cheap. Crowds can be avoided, too, in Minorca and Iviza—though not so easily, during August, in Majorca.

Nearer home, those in search of an out-of-the-way holiday might consider chartering a canal boat, facilities for which now exist; and there are possibilities of exploring the Dutch canals by boat, or learning the technique of yachting, under tuition, in the Channel. Those not inclined for the specialised delights of small sailing craft are offered this year a wide range of cruises by liner and cargo vessel—none, alas, as inexpensive as in the cruising heyday between the wars. For those who prefer dry land, but are not content to motor or walk, various organisations offer tours by horse, pony, or—believe it or not—stage coach. For the young and gregarious there is a wide range of organised walking holidays, both in Britain and as far afield as Lapland, coupled often with a little cultural "education." Also, for the more or less serious-minded adult, a number of agencies organise agreeable seminars in conjunction with universities abroad. Or, if music be your inclination, there are all the summer Festivals—from Venice to Bayreuth, Salzburg to Helsinki. Then there are all manner of religious festivals and national or local "folk" Fairs. In Spring, Easter invites the tourist to Seville; and Ireland is never lovelier than in May, when Eire's *An Tostal* Spring Festival is held.

Does the North attract you? The Orkneys and Shetlands are pleasant, democratic places, with excellent fishing, and in Iceland (by ship from Leith), hot springs and geysers are a variant from trout waters. Motorists who have a fancy for the quietude and long days of Scandinavia can ship their cars at a reasonable price from this country to Norway and its fjords and glaciers. There is an international Festival at Bergen, May 26-June 7. Sweden, too, offers the motorist pleasant facilities; or, without a car, the country can be explored by a railway Cruise Train (not very cheap), which goes as far north as Narvik.

Travel inquiries prompted by this Supplement may be addressed (with stamped addressed envelope enclosed) to the Travel Editor, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, *10, Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Inquiries cannot be dealt with by telephone; nor can the Travel Editor undertake to recommend hotels.*

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Baedeker and his Rivals

THE name of Baedeker will always be associated with the guide-book; indeed the two are almost synonymous, as a judge once ruled. Not that Baedeker invented the guide-book—the Roman Legionary may well have carried memoranda of direction; and Marco Polo certainly did not go off into the unknown without some written aids for his journey—but the guide-book, as we have come to know it, owes its form to Karl Baedeker, who published his first volume in German nearly 120 years ago, and his first in English twenty-six years later.

Baedeker himself was an avid traveller. He would cover considerable distances a day on foot, by coach, by bicycle, or on horseback, and later by train. But the main annoyance he experienced was the dependence of the traveller upon local inn-keepers and local guides, for these were often far from sincere and sometimes unscrupulous. The purpose of his guides was to emancipate the traveller. He intended his books for the traveller of modest means, indeed he wished to show that travel is not the prerogative of the rich, and by way of proof he included the approximate cost of everything a tourist might need. All previous guide-books had assumed, more or less, that the main items of touring were a private carriage, a courier, and high introductions at the various Continental capitals *en route*.

Karl was meticulous. For instance, while busy on his *Paris and Environs* (1855), he spent more than two days at Père Lachaise, simply to locate the graves of famous men buried there. He was his own editor, and in most cases his own source of information. But under Friedrich, his successor in the family business, the present style of compilation was achieved and an editorial staff gathered to collate contributions from numerous sources. The Baedeker editorial staff never expanded to more than 20 or so people; yet, by 1939, over two million copies had been sold in the famous red-backed series, which at one time contained nearly 90 volumes.

The main threat to Baedeker supremacy has come since the end of the 1939-45 war, during which not only were their premises in Leipzig totally destroyed but they also lost all their records and maps. Thus they had to start again from scratch. Their first post-war volume, a small guide to Leipzig, appeared in 1948, and has since been followed by a few revisions of the old editions. Into the vacuum many concerns were quick to step. Indeed both the world wars were unkind to the house of Baedeker; for it was in 1915 that one of their English editors, Mr. Findlay Muirhead, left the concern to begin the now renowned "Blue Guides" series in English.

Perhaps their most powerful rivals today are Nagels of Geneva, who were able to approach the market within four years of the end of hostilities with a wide series translated into several languages. Their English series, alone, covers most of Europe in about 18 volumes, as well as Israel and Morocco, and is soon to be extended to North America. The Ward, Lock series, another established guide-book of nearly sixty years, caters for both needs, the serious and the chatty. The "Guide Bleu" has a fame of its own in a narrower circle. Another relatively new series is the Fodor Modern Guides. Started experimentally before the war, they were launched in 1951 with four "country" titles, now expanded to ten and translated into four languages. Their annual sales have risen in four years from nearly 40,000 to over 350,000, and they are able now to revise their guides annually.

The English "Blue Guides" have not been able yet to bring out revised editions of all their pre-war volumes, and their experience points to the difficulties of the guide-book publisher. To compile a guide-book is not only a costly undertaking but also requires time; and revision is necessary as often as possible. Map-making is expensive and the standard of the guide-book is set by the quality of its maps. Prices of most of the standard guide-books range from 15*s*. to 30*s*.

There are trends in guide-books. At first, the guide-book was based on the road-network, for it was assumed that the means of conveyance was a coach. The advent of the railway altered that and made the connecting link of the book be the rail-system. Now the wheel has come almost full circle. Although the future of the guide would seem to rest in interesting the motorist, Baedeker nevertheless—although conceding a point by bringing out a series of motoring-guides on the excellent Michelin pattern—intend to continue the standard series based on the rail-journey.

To-day, Baedeker's clients are not noblemen doing the Grand Tour, but middle-class tourists eager to pack "the sights" into a fortnight.

Kings and Governments may err,
But never Mr. Baedeker.

Those voluminously accurate guide-books may have tempted sightseers to undue exertions, but they have been responsible for much enlightenment and not a little joy.

PETER BATTY

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Early Victorian

It has never been easy to define the beginning of Victorianism in any field. Politically we are apt to think of the first Reform Bill; but that was five years before the Queen came to the throne; and the moral manifestations of the Victorian spirit hardly got under way until her reign was already fairly well advanced. It is much the same in architecture; there is no very clear break between Georgian and Victorian, and such lines as can be drawn must be drawn in different places for different kinds of building. The history of this transition, and of the next twenty years of English architecture, has just been written by Henry-Russell Hitchcock*; and it is an extraordinarily rich story that emerges from these two splendidly produced volumes. Mr. Hitchcock's work is so enjoyable that one does not like to bury it under the word monumental, but it deserves the label for its mass of detailed and original description, its wealth of illustrations, and its power of preserving a few clear guiding lines amid the profusion of material.

Those to whom early Victorian architecture means the Gothic revival on the one hand and the Crystal Palace on the other will be astonished at the variety of types and styles of building between the early thirties and the early fifties. The thought of Victorian architecture is apt to carry connotations of eccentricity; but for the early period at least this seems far from the truth. So much of this building survives, and it has sunk so comfortably into the urban or rural landscape, that we are only just aware of its quality and hardly at all of its date. The nostalgic Betjemanite will notice a Pugin church, but for the ordinary passer-by it has established itself so thoroughly as the type of what a church ought to be that he hardly pays it any conscious attention. We are too busy buying tickets, newspapers or sausage rolls in Victorian railway stations to be aware of them as the architectural novelties of just over a century ago. And the rows of terrace houses, charming or indifferent, in London or the provinces, that we are apt to label late Georgian or Regency, are far more likely to be Victorian and may indeed have been built at any time up to the sixties. As for the Italian villas, the Jacobethan country mansions, the castles (Welsh Marcher or Scottish Baronial), the clubs after Roman palazzi, the Greek museums—we probably forget about them altogether. They are just there.

Three figures dominate Mr. Hitchcock's story, Pugin, Barry and Paxton; and they represent three contrasted attitudes to architecture. Pugin, converted to Catholicism through his love of Gothic cathedrals, was almost tempted back again towards the end of his life by Anglican enthusiasm for the kind of building he admired; and his æsthetic tastes were always strictly subordinated to historical and liturgical requirements. Barry was the orthodox professional, and the only one of the three with a thorough traditional training and an eclectic appreciation of the building of the past. Paxton, a gardener who began to build greenhouses, was led by his own immense competence and a wealthy patron into becoming a sort of general *entrepreneur*, and finished, almost by accident, as a leading expert on constructions in glass and iron. Each in his own way has left his legacy to our century.

At first sight Pugin's archæological piety would seem to have survived for a couple of generations and then to have died without issue. True, it has done something to change the face of England—how different would our townscape look without its neo-Gothic churches?—but it would seem to have had no further results. The odd thing is, however, that Pugin justified his practice on precisely the grounds taken up by the twentieth-century functionalists—respect for materials, appropriateness to purpose, the frank revelation of structure instead of its concealment. If he insisted passionately on the prolonged chancel, the rood-screen, the distinct articulation of aisle, transept, nave and sanctuary in his churches, it was partly indeed to distinguish them from horrible Protestant preaching-boxes, but ultimately because, in his view, all these features were essential to the proper performance of a church's real functions. If you take liturgical propriety as positively as he did, they are as practical as the sun-porch, the built-in garage and the electric kitchen. Pugin's True Principles (they were announced in 1841), so far as they were strictly formal and structural, would hardly be repudiated by the Bauhaus or Professor Pevsner. If, as I have always suspected, they found their way unacknowledged into the ultra-Protestant pages of Ruskin, they must indeed be acknowledged not only as forerunners but as ancestors of the modern movement.

The prominence and (as some would still say) the national importance of the New Palace of Westminster has thrown the emphasis on this as the prime example of Barry's work. But apart from the fact that the obvious external detail is all Pugin's, the Houses of Parliament are not in fact the most typical specimen of his achievement. It is in that large class of semi-public buildings whose English type is the London club that Barry left his most lasting mark. They are, of course, part of an international Renaissance revival, a revival far less local than the Gothic one. The Travellers' Club and its neighbour, the Reform, are both scholarly adaptations of Roman originals, and their influence is as fundamental to the later growth of secular architecture—clubs, institutions, great houses and government offices—as that of Pugin's churches in the ecclesiastical line. To Mr. Hitchcock's eyes Barry founded the tradition which the tasteful conventional school of English architects have worked in ever since. How you estimate him must depend on what value you set on this well-trained academic accomplishment; but his best work has intelligence and strength as well as scholarship. Seeing him as we do at the end of a long line of his less original successors, we are probably inclined to do him less than justice.

Paxton's story is a very different one. He was head gardener at Chatsworth, and was employed by the Duke in a variety of quasi-architectural enterprises. Among other things he restored Lismore, the Irish seat of the Cavendishes, and turned it into a very fair and not especially silly Victorian castle. But the first step into what was to prove his real field was the building of the great conservatory at Chatsworth, in which he collaborated with Burton from 1837 to 1840. For this Paxton devised a new system of ridge-and-furrow roofing, and while he was at it invented a machine for cutting the wooden sash-bars which he patented at the same time. This sort of *ad hoc* ingenuity may seem to have little to do with architecture, but it was just this spirit that was behind the design of the Crystal Palace. The building committee to consider plans for the Great Exhibition of 1851 was set up only in January, 1850, and it rejected all the designs submitted in the original competition. Paxton's scheme was an afterthought, not submitted till June. But it gained the backing of the Prince Consort, and while the committee was still havering, Paxton very smartly published his plan in the *Illustrated London News*. Public opinion was delighted with it; *Punch* invented the name Crystal Palace, and the day was won. The importance of this enormous greenhouse for future steel construction has always been noticed; what is not so often noticed, and what Mr. Hitchcock makes clear, is that it was largely a triumph of organisation on modern industrial lines. The rapid supply of standardised prefabricated parts is, he says, "rarely equalled in the erection of twentieth-century skyscrapers and factories; their improvisation in 1850 was of the order of Henry Ford's principal contribution to modern industrial methods."

To Mr. Hitchcock it was also a visual success, a triumph of "space creation." His partialities, indeed, are chiefly for the new industrial architecture of the mid-century. One of his few lyric flights is reserved for King's Cross Station.

> The breadth of its scale is the most striking presentment of the great new forces of the Railway Age; yet the expression is rather more precise than that in offering a readily intelligible meaning even to casual travellers. Two enormous arches, in four unmoulded orders, built of London stock brick reveal frankly the ends of the departure and arrival sheds beyond. These arches are flanged and separated only by the plainest of square buttress piers topped with flat brick fascias. Under them the vast lunettes are subdivided by rectangular sashes grouped between narrow vertical mullions. . . . King's Cross has a vigour and a boldness of scale in the parts, as well as an absence of frivolous detail, that has particularly appealed to 20th-century taste.

It seems a far cry from that to Pugin's worry about rood-screens. Yet both were products of the same age—an age when romantic archæology and naked industrial progress contrived to maintain an uneasy co-existence. The general point that appears most clearly from Mr. Hitchcock's copious detail is the dominance of extra-visual considerations in architecture. Buildings were symbols before they were objects to be seen; the correct neo-fourteenth-century

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**Early Victorian Architecture in Britain.* By Henry-Russell Hitchcock. *Architectural Press: for Yale University Press.* £7 7s.

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churches were symbols of a renewed passion for ancient certainties, the Crystal Palace a symbol of the ending of the hungry forties, and the dawn of High Victorian prosperity. We should have a companion volume on the ideological background to this architectural activity; it would probably do as much as anything to reveal the whole spirit of the age. In the meantime its visual symptoms (over five hundred of them) are arranged for ordered contemplation in Mr. Hitchcock's illustrations, and precisely and sympathetically analysed in his text.

GRAHAM HOUGH

A NARROW PLACE

A narrow place at dead of night,
There were no windows and no doors,
The ceilings and the human floors
Had perished, and there was no light.
There we together and alone
Both listened though we spoke no word
And in the mutual silence heard
A language that was not our own.
Your body moved within its chair;
I could not understand that change
Apart from me; it seemed most strange
I should be here and you be there.
For as the words spoke on and on,
It seemed that with no human sense,
Beyond our person and our tense,
We reached each other and grew one;
As if the meeting we had sought
Was found that night, but you and I
Were absent from a unity
Which cancelled out such double thought.

The firelight burned. The minutes ran
Between us both; we never stirred,
Lost in our deep inbreathing Third;
It was no woman and no man,
A single undivided ghost.
The clock struck one; our hearts fell down
And once more through the rattling town
We sought what we had never lost:
A narrow place at dead of night,
There are no windows and no doors
The ceilings and the human floors
Have perished and the mortal light.

THOMAS BLACKBURN

THE POET WHO TALKS TO HIMSELF

The poet who talks to himself
In despair
Or to an audience of
Air,

Married to the poem,
Knows once for all
What nagging lies between
The *shall* and the *will*,

Perceives that beauty is not
Thought, but the object of thought
And dances to its end
Hovering in the wind,

Like doves to settle down
About some casual man
Offering a casual crumb
Or not, as casual can,

Both being portion of
The carelessness of love
Which finds the perfect rhyme
Nowhere and in no time.

E. L. MAYO

The Dilemma of Asia

South-East Asia between Two Worlds. By TIBOR MENDE. *Turnstile.* 21s.

The author of this close-packed account travelled for about nine months in South-East Asia two years ago, sometimes by aeroplane, often by lorry or primitive local bus. His route took him from Lahore to the Khyber Pass and down through the Sind desert to Karachi. He visited Jakarta, the villages of Southern Java, the oilfields and rubber estates of Sumatra and the "empty" unpioneered wilderness of Indonesian Borneo and the Celebes. In Burma he spent time in Rangoon and journeyed to the "front" in the disturbed Shan States. The coverage of South-East Asia is, however, not complete. Only Pakistan, Indonesia and Burma are described and discussed, and two of these—Indonesia and Pakistan—are at present "lame ducks" among the new South-East Asian nations. Had the author's tour taken in Ceylon and India in detail, his pessimism might have been modified. As it is the general gloom of his picture of existing conditions is relieved only by a review of the considerable achievements, against great odds, of the political leaders of Burma.

In both Indonesia and Pakistan the new national leaders suffered the disadvantage of coming to power in countries exceptionally splintered geographically. This has accentuated internal differences and given free play to disintegrating forces such as Dar Ul Islam and East Bengal separatism. Even so it is not easy to account for the relative failure of leadership in both countries to rise to the occasion since independence. In Indonesia there has been a crippling legacy of bitterness between Indonesians and the 30,000 Dutchmen who still hold the levers of the country's economy. Mr. Mende describes the Jakarta Dutch over their aperitifs:

> Night after night they restarted their monotonous round of scorn and abuse . . . young clerks already infected with racial conceit; cruelly insensitive businessmen, as immune to the teachings of history as a piece of hard wood; cynical, hard-faced plantation managers; massive Dutch ladies. . . .

In return the Indonesian authorities humiliate and harass "the Hollanders." This demoralising inheritance is probably at the root of much of Indonesia's malaise—the predominance of the demagogic nationalists, the growing strength of trade unions using Communist methods and the long exclusion from office of Sjahrir and the Socialists. (Mr. Mende's careful portrait of President Soekarno is not altogether flattering.)

But in Pakistan power was transferred with a fairly good grace and no "hang-over" of intense anti-colonial resentment exists. And yet, as Mr. Mende shows, a combination of Asian feudalism, a reactionary Moslem priesthood and a rapacious bazaar mentality have brought the country to a point where it will almost certainly follow a Nasser or an Ataturk if one can be found. Glimpses of Pakistani landlords, factory owners and merchants who stand behind the Moslem League are among the most illuminating things in this book. ("He was only 33 when he became Prime Minister of Sind . . . he is by no means insensitive to pleasure . . . he has travelled widely with an inquiring mind. In fact, he once told me that, in his view, the best way of studying a country was to visit its night clubs.") There has been practically no land reform in Pakistan; and corruption has reached such proportions that its "effect is likely to wipe out whatever benefits new economic projects might have secured for 'the common man.'"

How is it that in Burma—where problems of disunity, backwardness and undeveloped civic consciousness are also chronic—a much more hopeful atmosphere has been created? The 1948 land reform ended rack-renting; much headway has been made in mastering the Karen and Communist rebellions and (since Mr. Mende wrote) part of the intruding Chinese Nationalist force has been got rid of as a result of adroit Burmese

diplomacy in the United Nations. The little group of Socialists who seized the leadership of Burma ten years ago have integrity and idealism. Although they are too few they are capable and determined. Is their emergence a historical accident? Is it due to the humanising elements in Buddhism or to the Fabian atmosphere in Rangoon University in the 1920s? Mr. Mende does not pretend to be able to supply the final answer; nor does he hide the difficulties and dangers still confronting the Burmese leaders. One danger is the outside pressure of great neighbours; one difficulty is the Burmese temperament which may yet prove unwilling to accept the responsibilities involved in building an Asian welfare state based on hard work.

As Mr. Mende shows, the factors are innumerable in South-East Asia, which keep this quarter of mankind toppling precariously on the brink of an anarchy into which Communism, with the aura of Mao's revolution surrounding it, would step. "I left the Communists because they were not fulfilling the things they preached," said a Burmese peasant-boy to Mr. Mende:

> "Their ideas were right. One has to help the poor people so that they can live better. I think our Government is now doing its best. But if the Government does not keep its promises and if the Communists really began to help the poor people I would go back and join them again."

The naive political awakening of 600 million peasants hesitates in the great dilemma. In Mr. Mende's words, "the passion for emancipation will . . . push them in the direction where they see speedier and more spectacular results." The two showpieces of Asia are now China and India. China's political system makes possible a tremendous forcing of resources and manpower into economic development. India provides the continued luxury of political freedom. But since Indian Governments do not coerce, in the Communist way, progress will be too slow unless there is much more help from outside. Up to December, 1953, aid from abroad for the Indian 5-year Plan was 150 million dollars, or about one six-hundredth of the annual arms bill of the Western world. Mr. Mende would like to see foreign help deliberately channelled towards Asian Governments which carry out necessary political and social reforms. But would this work out in practice? Could, for example, offers of conditional help to the present regime in Thailand bring about social change? Perhaps, but some entirely new techniques will have to be devised if this sort of thing is to be done successfully. Mr. Mende is a keen observer and an able interpreter. Under a strong arc-lamp we are shown the struggle against social and political deterioration in non-Communist Asia. Unless this struggle is successful the balance in the world will be tilted decisively against liberal civilisation.

DERRICK SINGTON

Poet and Persona

Ezra Pound's Mauberley. By JOHN J. ESPEY. *Faber.* 15*s.*

I have spent a happy evening with Mr. Espey, writing in the margins of my *Mauberley*, here "James," there "Laforgue," here "Poliziano," there "Flaubert," and nearly everywhere "Gautier". If I ask myself why I think these marginal annotations worthwhile, I suppose at the lowest level I foresee myself cutting a dash with them in the lecture-hall; more creditably, they have the interest of a *Road to Xanadu* in miniature. Mr. Espey, when he subtitles his essay, "A study in composition," seems to claim no more for them. But in fact he claims more than that—they reveal, so he maintains, the formal organisation of the whole work, and thus indicate the only right reading. And this, of course, is quite another matter.

Hugh Kenner brought us nearer to *Mauberley* than ever before when he pointed out (what was self-evident as soon as he said it) that some of the

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poem, at any rate, expressed not Pound's view of his own poetic personality, but what Pound envisaged as the view of it taken by some contemporaries, that the "Flaubert," for instance, presented in the first section as the poet's "true Penelope," was not the Flaubert whom Pound admired, but the Flaubert whom other people admired rather less. Mr. Espey accepts this, but maintains that the rest of the poem is spoken by the poet *in propria persona*—all, that is, except the *Ode pour l'Election de son Sepulchre*, and the last piece of all, *Medallion*, which represents the sort of poem written not by Pound, or not by Pound any longer, but by Hugh Selwyn Mauberley, who is on this reading not Pound at all, but very nearly his opposite, a potential Pound on whom in 1920 the actual Pound has turned his back.

Of all the names in the margin, the one on which Mr. Espey bears most heavily, to substantiate this reading, is Rémy de Gourmont, whose *Physique de l'Amour* and *Litanies de la Rose* supplied to *Mauberley*, as Mr. Espey sees it, a submerged but basic level of erotic meaning, in terms of which the poet of the first half (Pound) and the poet of the second half (Mauberley) are opposed irreconcilably. This has the advantage of tying into *Mauberley* not only Pound's study of Gourmont but also the poet who translated Cavalcanti and (by anticipation) the poet of the Cantos. Nevertheless, this, which is the central plank of Mr. Espey's platform, seems to me also the weakest. His comments, in the light of it, on the epigraph by a fictitious Caid Ali to one of the later sections, seem ludicrously special pleading; and I am very dubious about the bawdy meanings supposed by classical etymology to inhere in "acorn" and in "orchis."

One great objection to Mr. Espey's interpretation is Pound's later note, that *Mauberley* represents *Homage to Sextus Propertius* done over again for those who were baffled by the other poem; as Mr. Espey uneasily admits, if we take *Mauberley* on his terms, we cannot see the two poems as related at all so closely. But a greater objection is that, on this showing, *Mauberley* itself seems a poorer poem. If "E.P." and Mauberley are opposed so plainly as Mr. Espey believes, then we have to agree with him about "disparity between surface complexity and oversimplification of base." I believe that the complexity of surface reflects a corresponding complexity of attitude; and that much less of the poem than Mr. Espey believes is spoken by the poet in his own voice, unqualified. In short Mr. Espey has made me admire the poem more than ever before, to just the degree that his own intelligent interpretation falls short of doing it justice.

A last criticism—the chapter on the metre is disappointing. Pound spoke of experiments in quantitative verse in *Mauberley*. Now what did he mean by that? Mr. Espey doesn't tell us.

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Travellers in the Peninsula

A Stranger in Spain. By H. V. MORTON. *Methuen.* 18*s.*

Portuguese Panorama. By OSWELL BLAKESTON. *Burke.* 18*s.*

Mr. Morton has now been searching about for Spain, and he certainly has not spared himself on the way. In some three hundred and sixty large and closely printed pages, this unwearying traveller has not only recorded the experiences and impressions of a long trip round the country but provides abundant information, historical and topographical, as well. These informative passages give the book its value, which is considerable: as a writer, Mr. Morton disappoints. Perhaps Mr. Brenan and Mr. Pritchett have spoiled us, but Mr. Morton's eye appears seldom equal to the object, his response to the grandeur of the Spanish scene inadequate; his general reflections are apt to be trite and he makes a liberal use of the cliché.

The book should be most acceptable to those many tourists who would be going to France and Italy if these countries had not become so terribly dear; to those, that is to say, who have no real interest in or feeling for Spain, but who are none the less glad of a lively and pleasant guide to give them an idea of what to expect. To such Mr. Morton offers the contents of numerous works of reference in pre-digested form; he is unobtrusive and seldom critical, save of the Spanish breakfast, whose shortcomings impressed him so disagreeably that he feels obliged to denounce them twice; his views on bull-fighting—for he saw a bull-fight, if only a bad one—are impeccably English and humane; and on the whole he leaves the regime politely alone.

In this last respect it may be thought he goes a little too far. Describing an evening in Madrid with a Spanish friend, he quotes him as saying of General Franco: "He isn't a dictator in the European sense at all. He's just a soldier who has put down a rebellion and proclaimed military law and intends to see the law kept." So preposterous a statement calls for some comment from the author, if he is not to lay himself open to a suspicion that he knows no better, or simply does not care. And indeed we do begin to wonder where Mr. Morton stands when later on we read his description of another encounter:

> He thought Franco the ruin of Spain. Among Franco's uncountable sins was the suppression of newspapers written in the Catalan language. Nothing would ever be right until Franco went! I asked if a king would improve matters. He spat angrily in the gutter. His bitterness was such that I began to wonder if he were a member of some subversive group. He was an unpleasant man . . .

All who travel in Spain today will have fallen in with embittered bores of this kind. It is a fact that injustice and oppression and misery do nothing to develop the sweeter side of a character, or to produce agreeable conversationalists for protected and comfortable foreigners. Who can say what the experiences were that formed these dismal malcontents, from whose society we so thankfully hurry away to the next little bit of pleasure or edification? Mr. Morton devotes a long purple passage to the sufferings, mental and physical, of a bull in the ring ("I am reminded, as I watch him, of all the tortured Christs of Spain"): for this unattractive guide in Barcelona Cathedral, a fellow being, he has not a word of either pity or curiosity.

I suspect Mr. Morton of being anxious to avoid giving offence. It is an awful thing to say of anyone and I hope I am not being unjust. But it is remarkable how many people are more offended by having their attention drawn to evil than by the evil itself, and Mr. Morton does give the impression of bearing this constantly in mind. His Spain, frankly, is on the whole the prettified Spain of the tourist office; the invisible worm he chooses blandly and courteously to ignore; and the title of his book must have been as appropriate when he ended his tour as when he set out.

The same cannot be said of Mr. Blakeston, who pitches into Dr. Salazar with a will. Portugal has never excited the English imagination in the way that Spain has, and the notions many of us entertain of her are apt to be hazy and random. The idea often met with that the dictatorship there, while highly deplorable from a good liberal point of view, is yet paternal and enlightened as such things go, is apparently wrong: so, too, is the belief that Portugal is a faithful ally of England. Apart from political matters, the book is a light, chatty account of a holiday spent in the country with an artist for companion, and it is a pity the author did not take more pains with his writing, which often descends to the level of the Fourth. But there are many bright and engaging touches, the author has a nice sense of fun and he does manage to convey a picture of a country seen by fresh eyes.

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The Life of David Hume. By E. C. MOSSNER. *Nelson.* 42*s.*

New Letters of David Hume. Edited by RAYMOND KLIBANSKY and E. C. MOSSNER. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

There is always a need for more facts and opinions about Hume, the greatest and most subtle of British philosophers. Both as a writer and as a man, he is elusive and not easily caught and pinned down. There seems always to be another side to him, some further qualified intention which prevents him from being labelled and docketed. It was his genius to see all sides of any theoretical issue, exactly equal and in focus and as if from a great distance. His system is not a chain of careful assertions linked by formal argument; it is a set of free and informal essays, designed with a view to "neatness" and "elegance," as if strict accuracy and seriousness in philosophy are impossible and out of place.

His great insight into the nature of human reasoning came to him early in life; he later learned to convey this insight as much by the tone and methods of his arguments as by positive assertion; for the insight was that hard and positive assertion can come only from experimental reasoning or from mathematical proof. There is, therefore, no place for thesis and theory in answering the entirely speculative questions of philosophy; one should expect a light and ironical dialogue, circling round and round the problem, and ending with a rhetorical question which suggests the impossibility of a solution. Hume's contempt for bigotry and fanaticism, whether of the materialist or of the religious kind, was an intellectual conviction before it was a moral attitude. He thought all ideologies stupid before he thought them harmful. How could anyone not "remain sober and remember to be sceptical" if once he considered on what the force of human reasoning ultimately depends? He himself used to distinguish between political Whigs and religious

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Whigs, political Tories and religious Tories, where the religious are the unbending men of principle. In philosophy he was a "political" empiricist in comparison with the "religious" empiricism of many of his modern followers. "I was resolved not to be an enthusiast in philosophy, while I was blaming other enthusiasms." Nature and History: these are the sensible, humane studies, and he gave most of his later life to them. The study of history is the proper study of human nature in action, as the natural history of religion is the proper study of man as a believing animal. Professor Mossner illustrates the range of Hume's idea of moral science, which included history, economics, the relation between theory and calculation in politics, the nature of taste and the theory of the passions and sentiments. Experimental reasoning did not mean to him, as it does to many empiricists now, only natural science; he intended any matter-of-fact and historical study of men's actual customs and sentiments. "I believe this is the historical age and this the historical nation"; the study of man, and of politics, is a form of natural history.

This is a very enjoyable biography of the exhaustive American kind, enthusiastic and shapeless, and containing much new and valuable material; certainly it will be indispensable to students and also to anyone interested in eighteenth-century society in Edinburgh, London and Paris. The *New Letters* supplements J. T. Y. Greig's edition of 1932, adding some which are wholly new and printing others for the first time in full. Professor Mossner enters into every detail of Hume's Edinburgh life, of his relations with Madame de Boufflers, with Rousseau and the Encyclopædists, and of the anxious preparation of his various works for the public; he explains Hume's intense self-consciousness about everything Scottish, his distrust of English society, his determination to be absolutely independent; he illustrates his gaiety, rusticity, kindness, and caution, and even "the unmeaning features of his visage," which so unnerved Rousseau. If one shares Professor Mossner's enthusiasm, one reads on, fascinated, trying once more to find some concealed spring of madness, or some secret unbalance, in this most philosophical of philosophers, who seems to have been the most entirely intelligent man ever so exactly recorded. This was the fascination which brought Boswell to Hume's death-bed, and left him gaping at his open grave and later skulking behind a pillar to watch the funeral procession.

Did Hume really "approach as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man, as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit," in Adam Smith's words? It still seems, in default of further evidence, that he really did; perhaps this is what drove Rousseau to the edge of madness. The famous criticism of Shakespeare—"total ignorance of all theatrical art and conduct" and "that want of taste which . . . gives way only by intervals to the irradiations of genius"—can be quoted as his greatest failure of intelligence, since Hume was here for once the victim of an accepted theory; he never saw beyond that theory of style as pure form which runs through most of the criticism of his time. But in his philosophy he carefully prepared himself for posterity, knowing, like Stendhal, that he could not be fully understood until many years after his death. And in the meantime he was not over-serious about himself and his good fortune, except in his relations with his friends.

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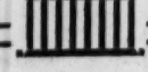

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The Psychopaths of Block 15

Break Down the Walls! By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

American prisons and the riots that periodically convulse them always make good copy. This book is excellent journalism, packed with facts intelligently arranged. It fascinates with that strange, rather awful, obsessional fascination which prison life exercises on us outside; it also makes a serious contribution to penology.

The first part is a detailed report of the big riot in 1952 at Jackson, the State Prison of Southern Michigan, largest in the U.S.A., with a convict population of nearly 6,000. It was made the subject of a fairly solid, documentary type film, *Riot In Cell Block 11*; it makes much better reading. The history of Jackson up to the time of the riot is rather complicated. In 1945 it went through one of those fantastic ultra-corrupt phases, with as much drink as you could pay for, big gambling, wild parties in the house of an assistant deputy warden, and parole visits to the town brothel. By 1952 it was in a curious mid-way phase, mid-way between extreme severity and enlightenment, with longish periods in the Hole (punishment cells) punctuated by twenty-minute interviews with psychiatric social workers loaded with jargon, eager to classify prisoners as "primitive, assaultive paranoid colouring."

The ringleaders of the riot were the psychopaths in Block 15. Organised by Earl Ward, an interesting young border-line case with a strong personality, they followed the traditional method of overpowering some guards and holding them to ransom. The riot spread to the rest of the prison and though only some 500 convicts ran amok they did several million dollars' worth of damage before they were quelled by State Troopers. The psychopaths in Block 15 held out, secure in the possession of their twelve hostages. The negotiations were conducted by Vernon Fox, the assistant deputy warden in charge of Individual Treatment, an earnest young social psychologist. While one of the guards had a nervous breakdown and others threatened to quit, complaining that "Sociology, sociology, sociology is all you ever hear around this place," Fox kept pleading for more time and more press interviews to gratify the avid egos of his psychopaths. In the end, reducing the entire situation to a transference conflict between himself and his pet case, Earl Ward, he made a speech in which he congratulated "the boys on the ability with which they have bargained. . . . This may project a new era of good sound inter-relationship between inmates and administration in American prisons. They have done a service. Congratulations to you men in 15 Block." Alas, poor Fox, he got the sack as soon as order was restored; and several of his pet psychopaths were beaten up in the Hole. It is an extraordinary story, tragic, grotesque and characteristically American, also a deeply depressing one, for it ended, owing to all the muddle and Fox's foolishness, in a victory for reaction.

The rest of the book consists of a survey of the modern American prison system and its many variations—from the small 230 maximum security fortress at Alcatraz to the progressive open prison at Seagoville, Texas. There is plenty of detail, much of it scarifying. But though Mr. Martin is far out on the left wing of penal reform, he keeps his balance and gives credit where it is due, even to the better features of the camp and farm system in the southern states. His conclusion, implicit in his rather hysterically worded title, is not an easy one to refute.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

New Novels

A Ghost at Noon. By ALBERTO MORAVIA. Translated by ANGUS DAVIDSON. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Manuela. By WILLIAM WOODS. *Hart-Davis.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Thaw. By ILYA EHRENBURG. Translated by MANYA HARARI. *Harvill Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In writing, though not, I think, in other human activities—does not the sun of public favour shine the more strongly on actresses and politicians the older they grow?—nothing is so fatal as success. There is, for instance, Signor Moravia: mention him to knowledgeable Italians and they murmur, smilingly, "Ah yes, Moravia. Of course, *we* think his earlier work so much better." And even here I have already heard his new novel dismissed as "women's magazine stuff." Well, let us admit it: Moravia is an uneven writer; in which respect he is like every other writer who ever lived. But the real trouble, of course, is precisely that which during the last few years has befallen Mr. Graham Greene as well: too many people throughout the world are reading them, and obviously that will never do. Write them off. Or rather, in the present instance, let us forget all about *Agostino* and *The Time of Indifference* and *The Woman of Rome* and try to look at *A Ghost at Noon* as though it were the work of an unknown, new author.

What an unusually intelligent, subtle novel it then appears. This author is a Latin; he is not writing in the Anglo-Saxon tradition of fiction, but in one much more closely resembling the French. A great part of his strength comes from the honesty of his analysis, and what he is analysing, one feels, is not a special case but the individual instance of a general situation; it is the sense of the general situation behind it that gives his dramatisation of the individual instance its force. In form, *A Ghost at Noon* is simplicity itself. The narrator, Molteni, is writing the history of his marriage after his wife's death in order to find out where and why it went wrong. While he had been a writer for the highbrow theatre they had lived in poverty and, as he realises afterwards, in a harmony at once sensual and spiritual. To provide her with comfort and to give her the domesticity she craved, he had become, with considerable success, a film-script writer. It was then she began to despise him; her love had turned to disgust. Looking back, he can date the first signs of the change entirely accurately: it was when, in his first business dealings with the film-magnate Battista, he persuaded her to sit beside Battista in his car, while he followed in a

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taxi. Just why Emilia's feelings towards Molteni changed he never discovers:

> . . . in Emilia the feeling of contempt had preceded, by a long way, any justifications for it, either real or imaginary, that I might have provided by my behaviour. The contempt had been born out of the daily proximity of our two characters, regardless of any important, recognisable test, in the same way as the purity of a precious metal is established by contact with the touchstone. And indeed when I hazarded the theory that her ceasing to love me might have had its origin in a mistaken estimate, on her part, of my demeanour towards Battista, she had neither accepted nor rejected it, but had taken refuge in silence. In reality I thought suddenly, with a stab of pain, she had considered me, from the start, to be capable of this and of even more; and all she asked was that I, by my theories, should confirm her in her feeling. In other words, in Emilia's attitude towards me there was an appraisement of my worth, an estimate of my character, quite independent of my actions.

Now, as we all know, Moravia treats of sexual love with a frankness beyond that which most English novelists accord it. *A Ghost at Noon* is certainly a remarkable study of the effect on a man of the loss of sexual love, but it is more than that; it is a dramatisation of the loss of integrity coming from an over-valuation of the sexual, from the besottedness of the weak male. It is the work of a writer who, it seems to me, is a Puritan in just the same way as D. H. Lawrence. He sees and by implication states that a man's emotional relationships can only be as valid as his relationships with society, which is here symbolised by his work; a change in one necessarily means a change in the other. *A Ghost at Noon* is, in effect, the story of a man come up to judgment, brilliantly worked out.

Manuela appears without blurb on its jacket or any information about its author, Mr. William Woods, and how refreshing that is. It is a very good novel indeed, and it is not absurd to link the name of Conrad with it, not only because its setting is the sea. Mr. Woods is a romantic novelist in Conrad's way, nor is his manner of telling his story, with straightforward narration intermingled with the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry into the loss of the *Conway Castle*, so dissimilar from Conrad's. As in the work of the master, we are in the presence of characters who stoically measure themselves against their sense of desperation, which they carry with them everywhere like lengthening shadows; Manuela, the half-caste girl desperate for an England and a Lyme Regis she has never seen, whom the Maltese engineer Mario Constanza brings aboard the *Conway Castle* dressed as a boy as the ship is about to sail from Bahia in September, 1898; Mario himself, the hulking gorilla whom no one has loved and who is now himself in love; and Captain James Protheroe, the man of action faced at last with a recognition of the hollowness of action. Mario is especially memorable, a splendid creation. The end of Mr. Woods's novel is tragic, as it was bound to be. Conrad having been invoked, it seems needless to say that Mr. Woods writes excellently, though without Conrad's organ—sometimes mighty Wurlitzer organ—tones; rather with a vivid, illusive economy of style that admirably renders heat and sweat and violence, the claustrophobia of desperation.

What is there to say of *The Thaw*, except to hope that, despite recent events, the thaw continues? Mr. Ehrenburg's novel, one is told, created an enormous sensation when published in the Soviet Union last year. That it should be difficult to see why is no doubt an index of our general difficulty in understanding anything Russian. The heart of it is an attack on bureaucracy, seen in action in small-town life in the U.S.S.R. It is not, it seemed to me, executed with very great vigour; the villain, so far as the novel has one, is a factory director who puts production before the housing of his workers. And there is a new emphasis on the personal lives of the characters—engineers, teachers, doctors, students, painters. Coming from the novelist who so often seems the P.R.O. of the Party-line, *The Thaw* may well indicate an attempt at cultural "liberalism." But its final effect is one of cosiness.

WALTER ALLEN

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It is always agreeable, in a Highland inn or shooting lodge, to come across a Daniell print hung between the stags' heads or cases of monstrous trout: to come in from a wild landscape of sea, rock and cloud and see its structure and shape so serenely caught in those buffs and greys. Of the thousands of owners of Daniell prints—cherished, so often, for reasons of topography rather than art—most will know that they come from these sumptuous and splendid volumes, the *Voyage round Great Britain* (1814-1825). But only a handful have heard of the equally splendid *Oriental Scenery* or the *Picturesque Voyage to India by the way of China*, and realised the diversity and achievement of William Daniell, his uncle Thomas and his brother Samuel. Now Colonel Sutton comes forward with every relevant fact about these three masters of aquatint, collected over years of research, and illustrated with seven charming colour-plates, and thirty-one black and white.

Taking William as his boy assistant, Thomas Daniell went out in 1785 to India, where the nabobs of the Company, and native princes cultivating Western tastes, had already provided a profitable market for Zoffany and Tilly Kettle. The Daniells travelled more enterprisingly: they went overland from Madras to Cape Cormorin, they were the first Europeans to enter Garhwal where, slung with the tools of peace—sketchbook, umbrella, *camera obscura*—they gingerly sidestepped a local war. The Daniells' vision of India and China had its effect on contemporary taste, and Thomas designed the Indian temple at Sezincote for a returned nabob, Sir Charles Cockerell, and placed bamboos and a figure of Buddha in that garden created by Repton on a Warwickshire hillside.

Samuel Daniell, William's younger brother, sought his fortune at the Cape and in Ceylon—a contemporary account of how he wangled his appointment as Ranger of Woods and Forests from the Govenor of Ceylon provides one of the lighter moments in a book which is useful as a compilation of facts rather than pleasurable to read. Samuel's views of Africa and Ceylon breathe the same atmosphere of good-mannered surprise as his elders' views of India: order is impressed on veldt and jungle, and never was there less wild a creature than the charming spotted antelope reproduced on the cover of the book. But his Gnu (from *Animated Nature*) was so bizarrely horned an animal that he was freely suspected of having made it up.

William's distinctive achievement remains the *Voyage*, for which he drew and engraved 308 aquatint plates. Patiently plodding round the coastline, for the most part on foot, he has left us a record of fishing-harbours and castle-crowned cliffs, sea-lochs and health resorts, steamboats and piers, islands and lighthouses, that is historically interesting and visually pleasing. What endears him to our taste is that, faced with the romantic, he always kept his head and refused to see it in terms of fashionable sensibility. Instead of creating from hill and sea-loch the pictorial equivalent of Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, he looked for the firm bones of a landscape and he refused to gush.

JANET ADAM SMITH

SHORTER REVIEWS

Tito Lifts the Curtain. By HALLAM TENNYSON. *Rider.* 15*s*.

Yugoslavia is certainly the tourist's paradise—strange and remote enough to be interesting, yet within our scale of values. Wonderful scenery; striking people; and now, on top of all this, the perfect social system, straddling between East and West. No one could find fault with Yugoslavia except an orthodox Communist; and they do not go there. Mr. Tennyson went to organise a youth conference and wisely took his time about it—travelling round the country with a smattering of the language. Though he saw nothing that others had not seen before him, he looked with a fresh, cheerful eye; and describes his journeys with friendly cheerfulness. He visited Macedonia as well as the more hackneyed Dalmatia, and returned an enthusiast for Ohrid. There is not much political enlightenment to be got from his traveller's tales. The peasants have mostly relapsed into individualist agriculture; the great industrial products are derelict. In fact Yugoslavia is a country Communist only in talk. What could be nicer?

Hamlet: Father and Son. By PETER ALEXANDER. *Oxford.* 15*s*.

This book reproduces the Lord Northcliffe Lectures as delivered at University College, London, in 1953. Professor Alexander, who comes from Glasgow and appears to have felt the occasion as calling for a certain modernity of treatment and lightness of air, starts off from Sir Laurence Olivier's film and concludes upon large citations from a work by Mr. Raymond Chandler entitled *The Simple Art of Murder*. Nevertheless, the substance of his work is serious and perhaps important. It deserves more formal and considered presentation than Mr. Alexander has managed in what might be a series of chats to his honours students: learned, digressive, amusing, and with a broad sweep of argument just sufficiently hinted at to keep young wits alert and guessing.

In the film the voice of the Prologue offers us as Shakespeare's own comment on the hero's infirmity of purpose the lines Hamlet himself speaks on the battlements: "So, oft it chances in particular men. . . ." This is all wrong, says Professor Alexander, and an illegitimate means of persuading us

to what is, in fact, a false view of the burden of the play. *Hamlet* is *not* "the tragedy of a man who could not make up his mind." If we believe that it is, the fault lies in the first place with Aristotle or his commentators, plugging the theory of the *hamartia*; and in the second place with Hegel, Bradley, Miss Lily B. Campbell and others who have largely discoursed on the Cosmos as an ethical substance intolerant of imperfection, the tragic flaw as the cause of greatness, Romeo and Othello as slaves of passion. All this obscures the grand truth that the great tragic dramatists, whether Greek or English, are inspired "not by their scrutiny of the faults and failings of men but by a sense of their virtues." What the theatre of Sophocles exhibits is an explicit treatment of the Hellenic ideal of *aretê*. And Shakespeare came to work "on the same basic principles," seeking to show the tragic hero "even in the extremity in which he finds himself a whole man." This is a critical statement that appears to require further definition, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Alexander will provide it.

Myth or Legend? Edited by G. E. DANIEL. *Bell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

"It makes a good story but—is it true?" This question-mark rounds off such otherwise unconnected tales as the war of Troy, Tristan and Isolt, Theseus and the Minotaur, Lyonesse, the Islands of the Bless'd; and it is used here for examining what facts lie at the basis of each legend. The method of interrogation works very well when any real clues in the case are there to be revealed—"eleven feet . . . of clean, water-laid mud" found by Sir Leonard Woolley at a certain point in his Ur diggings, to bear out an apocryphal Noah's Ark; or the Throne-room at Knossos discovered with its signs still fresh of some sudden, overwhelming catastrophe. The archæologists, a band of scholarly Poirots, speculate along careful lines of deduction towards the solution of a problem, so that their progress holds much of the same fascination as a superior detective mystery.

But great investigators have always taken care to distinguish between what can or cannot be admitted as evidence. The fault of this series of broadcast talks now published in book form is that the net has been cast too wide, and one or two of the more insubstantial myths have been brought up for dissection as if they were already thought to have the body of a legend. This begs the question implicit in the title. Our curiosity about wonders and marvels leads up various ways, and may not arrive at any recognisable truth. The lost city of Atlantis cannot properly be reduced to "lots of small Atlantises . . . which it is hopeless to try and identify as any particular one." The point about it is surely that it does remain a particular one, and in the search for it we make the same enquiries as Sir Thomas Browne did when he asked what song the Sirens sang—knowing, as he did, the kind of answer reserved for such conjecture.

Verse in Translation. By H. A. SIEPMANN. *Batchworth.* 25*s.*

Mr. Siepmann believes that too little attention is paid to the art of translating verse. Himself a prolific translator, he has set out to provide a remedy in the form of a generous selection from his own renderings of Latin, French and German verse, together with the original texts and a most instructive commentary on the difficulties encountered in each case. Many of his translations are far from faultless; and his selection is highly eccentric. But his Introduction and Commentary disarm pedantic criticisms of this kind. Thus, in a note on his mistranslation of a line from Aragon's *Les Yeux d'Elsa*, he writes: "I freely admit that I have not the faintest conception of what this means." Though the line in question would have been quite clear to Mr. Siepmann if he had ever watched the mating of insects, his interests are wide enough to excuse this particular lapse. Epigrams, ballads and light verse are his strong point. Not being a poet himself—although he includes his versification of a prose passage by Nietzsche—he has too little respect for images. That is why he succeeds best with pieces that depend on wit, didactic statement or sheer metrical virtuosity.

The real point of his book, in any case, is not that it does contain some excellent translations, but that it provides a most candid discussion of the translator's own successes and failures. For the same reason it matters little that Schiller rubs shoulders with Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, Ronsard with Rostand and Martial with Jean Malaquais. The alphabetic arrangement, which necessitated the inclusion of one Leon Xanrof because his pen name begins with the rare letter X, is characteristic of Mr. Siepmann's humorous approach. Fellow translators who have tried to render trochaic metres like that of Heine's *Der Asra* will appreciate Mr. Siepmann's comment on his almost successful version: "Sometimes one wishes that *Hiawatha* had never been written." It is such indirect but pertinent glosses that best convey the author's genuine concern with the subject.

A Winter Bouquet. By SUSAN TWEEDSMUIR. *Duckworth.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The quality that binds together this collection of memories is a combination of sweetness and spiritedness. Lady Tweedsmuir was brought up in a great house; then, as John Buchan's wife, she moved at the heart of affairs. Later years have brought changes, have decreased comfort and leisure, but she never opposes these with nostalgia but makes them the starting-point for a new interest: hence the charming pieces on living in a small house in Washington, on settling into a residential hotel. Memories of Scotland and Canada, clothes and village-life—so greatly altered for the better by Women's Institutes—are rounded off with some pictures of persons: of particular interest is a letter to Elizabeth Bowen about Virginia Woolf, whom the author had known from childhood, and an impression of the Granville Barkers. And John Buchan is shown at work—but not, as was popularly supposed, writing his novels on the train between Oxford and London.

The New Statesman Crossword Puzzle Book. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.*

Condemned by opticians and alleged to cause greater loss of production than strikes, the crossword puzzle stood thirty years ago in the dock where television stands today. At last, after several years and much pother in the correspondence columns, even the bastion of *The Times* fell, and we now have crosswords for all heights of brow and sizes of brain. Here are ninety-eight puzzles from the current NEW STATESMAN series, together with an informative introduction, all by the resident inquisitor, SET-SQUARE.

Week-end Competition
No. 1,305

Set by G. W. Stonier

It has been suggested that, as there are homes for Tired Horses, there should be a refuge for Tired Phrases (*e.g.*, "inspissated gloom," "shark-infested sea," "to break a lance"). The usual prizes are offered for paragraphs (maximum 120 words) which could most entertainingly provide an exercise-yard for such hacks. At least six tired phrases should be aired. Entries by March 8.

Result of No. 1,302

Set by Hilbrian

Hymned by Lionel Johnson, the statue of Charles I at the top of Whitehall has had it all its own way. Competitors are asked to submit a poem (limit 16 lines) in praise of any other London statue.

Report

Nelson and Peter Pan headed the field; after

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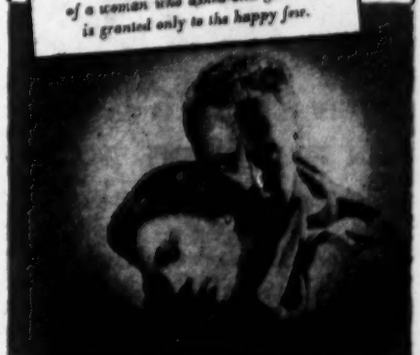

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

them came a very diverse medley of sculptured figures. For royalty, there were, among others, Richard I, James II, the Georges, Victoria and Albert; statesmen included Lincoln and Roosevelt; generals numbered Cromwell, Wolfe, "Bobs" and Haig. Writers—Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Johnson—were not forgotten; and Eros joined Pallas (from the Athenæum) to represent the gods. Even Mrs. Pankhurst and Barbara Hepworth's modern sculpture at the Royal Festival Hall earned their tributes.

R. B. Browning showed originality in choosing an animal, the Embankment Gardens camel which—

> Down in the desert knelt and slowly died,
> Forsaken while the hot wind dug its grave.

E. L. P.'s "charming impudent boy" (is it not, in fact, a girl?) from Fleet Street was another unusual subject. There was a neat idea in Pat Bullen's *James II*, "most moving, often moved," and Pauline Phillips praised Milton in an appropriately Miltonian sonnet. Edward Blishen's *Duke of York* hardly maintained the level of its engaging first verse:—

> He stands, the nursery's own Duke,
> His shoulders in the sky;
> His vacillation brats rebuke:
> But never I.

I award two guineas to H. J. R. for a charming tribute to another Royal Duke. One and a half guineas go to Leslie Johnson, and the same amount to G. J. Blundell, for the best of the Nelsons. Catseye's City fantasy earns a guinea. Runners-up: Peggy Mowat (General Wolfe), Alberick (Henry Fawcett) and W. P. B. (Haig).

THE DUKE OF KENT

The Statue of the *Duke of Kent*
Is neither large nor prominent.
It occupies a modest space
On land adjoining Portland Place
And—quite against the normal course—
Is not provided with a horse.
So there he stands with books and scroll,
A dignified but kindly soul
Who—clothes apart—might almost be
A relative of you and me.
(The Legend briefly states that he's
Remembered for his Charities.)
So very few who see him there
Can know that one who has the air
Of no one in particular
Was Queen Victoria's Papa.

H. J. R.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN
VICTORIA EMBANKMENT GARDENS

Here lie discarded in a heap
Guitar and score and mask of Pan,
And Music's goddess stoops to weep
The shortened span.

Here he, who often wrote in pain
The melodies that brought us joy,
Still watches over his domain,
The old Savoy,

While by the river close at hand
His partner's tablet shows anew
How one with one united and
Made more than two.

LESLIE JOHNSON

NELSON

Dark tides of traffic slip
About the square's great ship;
But on that topmost mast
You stand for ever fast.

Black clouds in constant change
Above your proud head range;
But your eye holds in fee
The city's changeless sea.

And, farther, through a rift
Within the smoke-screen's drift
Would keenly scan again
The peril-haunted main.

Trafalgar, Victory, these
You brought from hostile seas.
Who signals, now, despair?
The blind eye still is there.

G. J. BLUNDELL

GEORGE PEABODY, THREADNEEDLE STREET

Peabody sits in Peabody's chair
Treating the City to Peabody's stare;
Who he was, what he was, no one could care
But I like to see Peabody there.

Noble in build as the Waldorf Astoria,
Deep are his roots in the reign of Victoria;
Passing, we hope, in a blessed euphoria,
Never for him was it *sic transit gloria*.

Magnate or Mogul, no proles will he greet;
Only the policeman on solitary beat
May see him, some dawn, rise to offer his seat
To the prowling Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

London's stout pigeons make nonsense of Peabody;
Sometimes he wears in his hair a sleek wee body,
Preening and pruning and—oh what a free body!—
Crooning and crudling a love song to Peabody.

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CHESS

No. 282 Salute to a British Master

It is only three months since, for no particular reason such as an anniversary, I did a piece on H. E. Atkins. I am glad I did, because it is said to have pleased the old gentleman. His sudden death severs one of the last links with a notable period of British masters. In Diagr. L. Atkins shines as a tactician, Michell (Black) had put up a magnificent defence, taking good care of the vital square e5; no doubt, he would have automatically played QR-K1 if Atkins had immediately made the obvious move of putting his R on the K-file. So, after an uncommonly long think, Atkins played (34) R-QB1. Michell saw the minor tactical threat of P x P, followed by Kt-Q4, and countered it by (34) . . . P-Kt5, whereupon Atkins quickly moved his R to K1. Here Michell made his one and only slip by forgetting about his precious e5 and proceeding to his counter-attack with (35) . . . R-R6, blissfully unaware of what was coming to him.

(36)	P-K5!!	B x KP	(45) K-B3	P-R4
(37)	R x B!	P x R	(46) K x P	P-R5
(38)	Kt x Kt P	R-R3	(47) P x P	R x P
(39)	B-B5	Q-Q1	(48) Kt-Q7 ch	K-B2
(40)	Kt-B3	B x B	(49) Kt x P	R-QR1
(41)	P x B ch	K-B1	(50) K-K5	R-QB1
(42)	Q-Kt2	Q-B3	(51) Kt-K6	R x P
(43)	Q x P	Q x Q	(52) R-Kt7 ch	K-K1
(44)	Kt x Q	R-QR2	(53) P-Q6	resigns

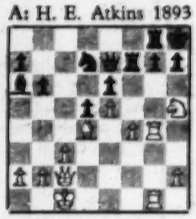
Here—British Championship 1907—is another one of the many fine wins achieved by Atkins in that favourite event of his. For many years indeed the Championship was about the only tournament for which that true "amateur" found some time, and he certainly won the title more often than anybody else.

(24)	Kt(2)-K4	R-B1	(30) Q-R5	B-K2
(25)	R-K1	R-K1	(31) Q-Kt6	B x K.
(26)	R-KB1	B-QB1	(32) Kt-R5!	R-Kt1
(27)	Kt-Kt5	P-R3	(33) B x R	K x B
(28)	B-R5!	R-B1	(34) Q-K8 ch	K-R2
(29)	B-B7 ch	K-R1	(35) R-B8	resigns

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position reached by Atkins at the age of 21. Black blundered by Q-B1, and young Atkins mated him in 4 moves. How? B and C—both wins—are not too difficult, I hope, for 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively.

Usual prizes. Entries by March 7.

A: H. E. Atkins 1893



B: J. Bolting 1905

C: E. Holm

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 279. Set February 5

A: (1) . . . R-Kt6! (2) Q x R, B-R5, etc.
B: (1) B-B4, R-KB2. (2) B-K5! R-K2. (3) Kt-B7 ch, R x B. (4) Kt-Q8!! etc.
(2) B-R2 is refuted by (2) . . . R-KR2. (3) B-B4, R-R3!
C: (1) P-Kt4!, Kt-R3. (2) P-Kt5, Kt-Kt1. (3) P-Kt6, Kt-R3. (4) P-Kt7, Kt-Kt1. (5) P-Kt8(Kt!), Kt-R3. (6) Kt-B6, Kt-Kt1. (7) Kt-Kt4!, Kt-R3. (8) Kt-Q5, Kt-Kt1. (9) Kt x P, Kt-R3. (10) Kt-Q3, Kt-Kt1. (11) P-B4! etc.
(1) P-Kt3? is refuted by the Kt marching via g4(!) to h1 and mating White in the nick of time.

In C (5) P = B seems to work as well as P = Kt and gets full marks. Prizes shared by: E. Allan, E. A. Barclay-Smith, R. C. Chaturvedi, C. J. Morse, M. Sinclair.

ASSIAC

Company Meeting

JOHN SUMMERS & SONS LIMITED

ACCOUNTS SHOW SUBSTANTIAL IMPROVEMENT

The annual general meeting of John Summers & Sons, Ltd., will be held on March 17 in London.

The following are extracts from the statement by the Chairman, Mr. Richard F. Summers, circulated with the report and accounts for the 52 weeks ended October 2, 1954:—

PRE-WAR DEVELOPMENTS

This business, which was founded by my Grandfather just over one hundred years ago, has had a long history of expansion and progress. Many changes have taken place during the past century. Undoubtedly the most fundamental one was the decision taken in 1937 to abandon the old method of rolling sheets on hand mills and to change over to the continuous rolling method. In 1938 we began the installation of hot and cold mills and a great deal of new finishing equipment. This change-over, which was fortunately virtually completed when war broke out, has ensured the maintenance by the Company of a leading position in the sheet industry of this country. The post-war development has also been of a fundamental character, consisting in the most part of the installation of two batteries of 88 coke ovens each, and two 27ft hearth blast furnaces.

Whilst we have naturally devoted a great deal of time and thought to the fundamental changes, we have not been unmindful of other possible developments. This Company was the pioneer of a process which has been improved and expanded during the last few years of electrically deposited coatings on steel sheets. The new material has found a ready market, and has opened up new possibilities for the use of our product—in fact it has been so successful that we are now well on with plans for increasing our already sizeable production. We have also increased our capacity for continuous galvanising, in which I think I may also say we were the pioneers in this country, and now have three units in production.

Towards the end of 1955 we expect to have carried out modifications to the continuous cold mill, which will result in a substantial increase in its capacity. We hope that by then the second blast furnace will be in operation, and that the last few months of the year will show an increase in our tonnage. Unfortunately progress on this furnace has been severely handicapped by the strike of steel erectors employed by our main Contractors. This is a matter over which we have no control, but it will undoubtedly delay the completion of the blast furnace by some months, and of course this will upset the other developments which are dependent upon the furnace coming into production.

INCREASE IN DEMAND

Since the war there has been a phenomenal increase in the demand for our products, and for a long time we have not been able entirely to satisfy our customers. Many of you, no doubt, will have read from time to time in the Press statements in connection with the expansion which is to take place in the motor industry. Not only the motor industry has plans for expansion; many other of our important and valued customers have also made it clear that their requirements are likely to rise. The higher standard of living brings with it a higher demand for household appliances and labour saving-equipment, and the expansion of the oil and drum industries must also be borne in mind. All these markets are very large consumers of sheet steel.

In addition we are naturally under pressure from our many customers in the export market with whom we have had associations extending over a great number of years. Owing to the high home demand, steel sheets are still subject to export licences controlled by the Government. It has always been the tradition of the steel industry to export a fairly large proportion of its products. This applies especially to our section of the trade, and I think it would be a mistake further to reduce the export quota of sheets, which is far below both the present demand and the amount we were exporting before the war.

INCREASE OF STEEL PRODUCTION

It must be remembered that in a basic industry such as steel the raising of production by a substantial amount entails the expenditure of vast sums of money, and the lapse of several years before the plan can be put into operation. Much has been said as to what should be the output of steel in this country, and widely varying totals have been mentioned, but the great progress in production that has been made since the war should not be overlooked. In 1946 the output was 12,700,000 tons; in 1954 it was 18,520,000 tons, and with the present plans in contemplation it is expected that by 1958 it may reach 22,000,000 tons or thereabouts.

The whole question of the shortage of steel sheets is being earnestly considered by the industry, and an endeavour is being made to forecast on a realistic basis the likely requirements in the next few years. So far as we in this Company are concerned we have, as I have already said, for many years occupied a very important place in the steel sheet industry, and I think it can be said that hitherto we have not failed to recognise our responsibilities as members of that industry.

CAPITAL COST OF PLANT

It has always been our desire to endeavour to meet to the best of our ability the demands of our customers, both from the point of view of quantity and quality. We had this very much in mind when we embarked upon the installation of the continuous strip mills in 1937. Subsequent events have proved how wise our policy was, for had we delayed the post-war supply position would have been very adversely affected. Furthermore, from the Company's point of view it was a very fortunate decision, for the cost of these mills in 1938 and 1939 was only a fraction of what it would be to-day.

In spite of the high cost of post-war development schemes, as a result of our pre-war decisions the total cost of the complete Shotton works will be low by modern standards; it has been estimated, and stated in the Press, that the cost of a fully integrated plant of a similar character would to-day be in the region of £100 per annual ingot ton of steel produced. We had in mind the apparently ever increasing cost of plant when we decided to create the Fixed Assets Replacement Reserve referred to in the Directors' Report, to which sums will be allocated to augment the depreciation based on the actual or historical cost of our plant which is provided in the Profit and Loss Account.

POSSIBLE FUTURE DEVELOPMENTS

When our present plans are complete our production of steel will be considerably more than doubled, but it may well be that investigations will show that further expansion of steel sheet production in this country is necessary. If this is the case I would hope and expect that as in the past your Company will play its proper part. You may rest assured that we are fully alive to the position, and are keeping in touch with the appropriate official bodies. In the meantime detailed investigations are being undertaken regarding the possibility of still further expanding the production in our Shotton works beyond the present target of 1,250,000 ingot tons per annum. I am sure you will appreciate that it is too early at this stage for me to make any definite statement on this very important point. However, whatever may be the outcome I feel that we can look forward to the future with confidence.

You will have noticed that the results for 1954 show a very substantial increase over those of the preceding year. This is mainly due to the fact that that year was one in which the new equipment was being brought progressively into production.

Our main Subsidiary, Shelton Iron, Steel and Coal Company, Limited, have had a most successful year, and have maintained their operations in a most efficient manner. I should also like to emphasise that to our ultimate ingot output of 1,250,000 tons must be added the production from Shelton, which last year was about 240,000 tons. This would give the group a total steel output of nearly 1,500,000 tons.

EMPLOYEES

With all the additional plant which has been installed at Shotton we have of course had to increase the number of our staff very considerably, and many of them have had to learn new methods and new techniques. I should like to take this opportunity of expressing our thanks and appreciation to all our employees for the services which they have given during the year, and the contribution which they have made to the rising prosperity of the Company.

CONCLUSION—I hope that when I address you next year I shall be in a position to report further progress, and to inform you that we are operating at a substantially higher level of production.

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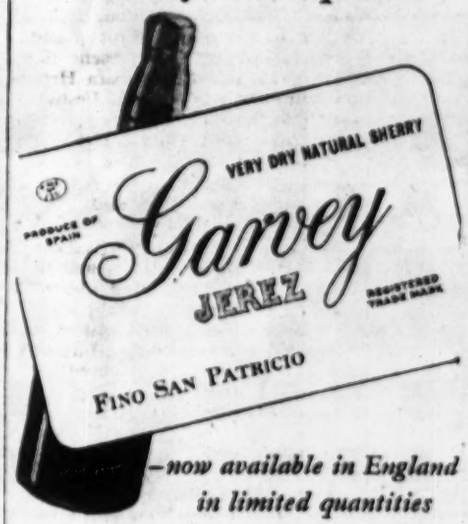

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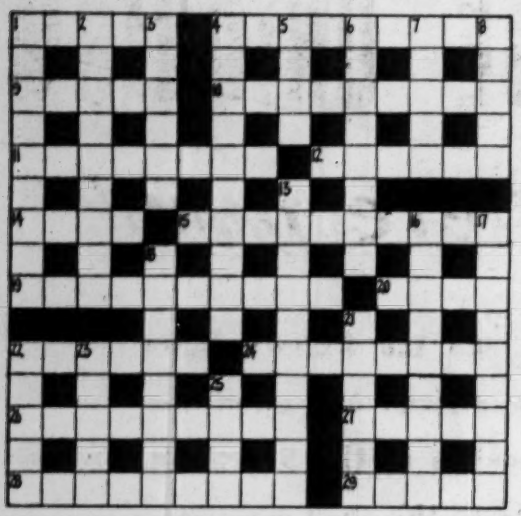
Treasurer: His Grace The Duke of Northumberland
Secretary:
Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., M.A.

Week-end Crossword No. 141

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 141, N.S.&N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Mar. 8.



ACROSS

1. Duck a girl for a spot of pleasure (5).
4. Performance of dialect actors? (9).
9. Meaning to move aimlessly (5).
10. In charities leave out the mountains (9).
11. "When love begins to sicken and decay, it useth an —— ceremony" (*J.C.*) (8).
12. Refuses to touch the food in the ship (6).
14. Prostrate with face looking backwards (4).
15. Kind of novel in which responsibilities are bounded by resentment (10).
19. Often beauty spots they seem to express a law of nature (10).
20. The last word in humility sounds a lot (4).
22. Coin which provides the wherewithal for the company to eat sparingly (6).
24. After a number had been dropped the catch would possibly have been safer (8).
26. For a change he may be made to realise it (9).
27. The genuine works of an author are in the main of unknown authorship (5).
28. "Let me be no —— for a state, but keep a farm, and carters" (*Hamlet*) (9).
29. I am optimistic in Latin prose perhaps (5).

DOWN

1. The eccentric don belongs to a secret society (9).
2. He is a mean fellow to fleece the county (9).
3. Ridicule makes a union flag (6).
4. Move to dress up a king as a bird (10).
5. On the wise ones a little science would produce black looks (4).
6. Mother may be close, but he was in a dangerous position (8).
7. Give this flower and maybe a kiss for little stars (5).
8. Requests are what are mainly wanted in these jobs (5).
13. Assembly of human beings in partial disguise (10).
16. The late sovereign (5, 4).
17. Language in which the noun operates erratically (9).
18. Groups of people who find torture in gambling (8).
21. Sells flowers (6).
22. Country ware (5).
23. Tips for a cricketer? (5).
25. A drink up in town (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 139

R	E	F	U	N	D	■	S	P	A	D
E	■	O	■	O	■	S	■	R	■	E
S	H	R	E	W	■	T	A	I	L	B
T	■	R	■	H	A	■	V	■	O	M
R	O	E	D	E	A	N	■	A	U	R
I	■	S	■	R	■	D	■	T	■	A
C	A	T	H	E	R	I	N	E	W	H
T	■	A	■	■	■	N	■	F	■	■
■	F	L	Y	I	N	G	F	O	R	T
F	■	■	■	M	■	O	■	R	■	U
O	C	T	O	B	E	R	■	T	H	R
R	■	A	■	I	■	D	■	U	■	B
C	A	R	I	B	B	E	A	N	■	I
E	■	K	■	E	■	R	■	E	■	N
S	L	A	P	D	A	S	H	■	N	E

E	E	E	L	■	S	P	A	D	I	L
■	■	■	■	S	■	R	■	E	■	L
W	H	E	E	L	■	S	H	I	P	■
■	■	■	■	A	■	V	■	O	■	M
A	N	D	■	A	U	R	E	A	T	E
■	■	■	■	T	■	A	■	■	■	D
W	H	E	E	L	■	■	■	■	■	■
■	■	■	■	F	■	■	■	D	■	I
S	■	■	■	O	■	■	■	R	■	S
E	■	■	■	R	■	■	■	U	■	E
■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 139

W. T. Mascall (Royston), H. Armitage (Huddersfield), R. J. Fisher (Hampton).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY College of Leicester. Applications are invited from graduates in Modern Languages for a Lectureship in the Department of Education. Salary scale £650-£1,350; initial salary dependent on qualifications and experience. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by March 12.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Accounting in the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. Salary on a scale £500×£1,100 per annum; initial salary according to qualifications and experience (salary scales are at present under review). Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than March 22, 1955, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

SCIENCE teachers with a genuine understanding of the methods of "progressive education" and interested in taking an active resident part in the development of a pioneer, parent-owned, co-educational "progressive school" at less than Burnham Scale, are invited to write fully to John Wood, New Sherwood School, Worple Rd., Epsom, Surrey. Say what else you can do for children besides teaching science.

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LONDON County Council. Temporary Assistant Organiser of Children's Care Work (£478—£637) in Education Officer's Department. Duties largely training and advising voluntary workers in social work in schools. Social science diploma or similar qualification desirable. Forms from Education Officer (BO/Estab. 2/N), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by March 11, 1955. (217.)

RESIDENT Secretary required in East End Settlement. Knowledge of general bookkeeping, P.A.Y.E., shorthand and typing essential. Interest in general social work an advantage. Salary according to experience. Apply Warden, Canning Town Women's Settlement, 4, Cumberland Rd., E.13.

OPPORTUNITY Knocks! Secretary with good shorthand-typing for London M.P. (former Cabinet Minister), £9. Also doctor's Receptionist-Secretary for W.1. Also Secretary-Receptionist for W.1., £10. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. No fees.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COVENTRY Corporation (Children's Department) require Child Care Officer (female). Social Science Diploma or Home Office Certificate essential. Salary according to Grade A.P.T.I. (£500-£580) plus £19 10s. in certain circumstances. Details and application forms from Children's Officer, 38 Bayley Lane, Coventry.

WOMAN resident staff Alresford Place Hostel-School (Hants) for maladjusted children. Help with garden & some needlework. Might be reqd. to take charge few children remaining at hostel school hols. Write C.S.A., 36 Carlton Hill, London, N.W.8.

OFFICE Manager/ess, preferably with accounting experience, required by progressive Trade Union, to be responsible for the administration of Head Office. Salary: £750 per annum, rising by two annual increments of £25 to £800 p.a. Applications to the General Secretary, A.S.S.E.T., Sutton House, 2/4 Homerton High St., London, E.9.

INTERESTING position in organisation working in International Affairs offered to Typist-Clerk aged 18 upwards. Must be willing accept responsibility. Gd. training for keen pers. Sal. to £7. Urg. Box 4856.

SECRETARY/shorthand typist wanted, preferably bi-lingual French/English, initiative, for interesting job. Box 4817.

ASSISTANT Secretary wanted for the Modern Churchmen's Union. Typewriting essential. Shorthand useful. Graduate preferred. Able to take responsibility. Write 9 Ironmonger Lane, E.C.2.

BUSINESS executive, sympathetic outside cultural interests, requires secretary. Age immaterial. Reasonable shorthand-typing, and intelligence, only qualifications. Salary £8 p.w. 'Phone CHA. 8172, ext. 27, for appointment.

SECRETARY-Receptionist for Children's Home in Midlands. Interesting work, community life. Apply Matron, Box 4659.

MALE secretary, shorthand-typing, good educ., some Italian, age immaterial; good prospects. W.1 office. Box 4691.

ASSOCIATION for Jewish Youth. Administrative officer required. Duties to include organisation of sports activities and book-keeping. Some evening work. Commencing salary £450 per annum plus expenses. Applications in writing to the General Secretary, A.J.Y., 33 Berner Street, London, E.1.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

YOUNG American woman, grad. of Geneva University, French and some German, now studying for D.Phil. (Oxon), desires part-time work in London: coaching or teaching (Civics & Institutions, Modern History, Constitution, American History, Elementary French or English for foreigners). Mrs. Meynell, 16 Great James St., London, W.C.1.

LADY Grad. Modern Languages, at present Grammar School, varied exper. other fields, wishes change occupation. Or perm. part-time teaching London or Reading distr. Excellent refs. Suggestions welc. Box 4246.

SCHOLARSHIPS

SCHOLARSHIPS Abroad, 1955/56. Applications are invited from British students for scholarships offered by Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, Egypt, Finland, France, Germany, Iceland, Italy, The Netherlands, Norway, Persia, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland and Yugoslavia. The awards are mainly for university graduates and undergraduates and are tenable for periods varying from a few weeks to twelve months during the academic year 1955/56. The closing dates for receipt of applications vary for each country, the earliest being March 7, 1955. Full particulars and application forms, for which a stamped addressed foolscap envelope should be sent, are obtainable from the British Council, 65 Davies Street, London, W.1, or from any British Council office in the United Kingdom.

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KESWICK: Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, in unique position, is an excellent centre for exploring the beauties of the English Lake District. First-class food, personal supervision. Home-made bread, &c., comf., friendly atmosphere. Vacancies for Easter. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

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PEMBROKESHIRE. Country, seaside, good accommodation, H. & C. Spring interiors. Good home cooking. Terms: Drake, Porthmeor, Newport.

FOR enjoyable days and comfortable nights stay at Ty Llwyd Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, N. Wales. Good walking, motoring, fishing. D., B. & B., 5½gns.

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NORTH Devon. One mile sea. Good touring centre. Garage. Sprung beds. H. & C., B.B. & dinner. Reasonable. Mrs. Birks, Barbrook, Lynton. 'Phone 3217.

BEXHILL—The Thorne, Ninfield Road (Ninfield 212), Country House, spacious grounds, near sea. Own produce, preserves, poultry. Recommended. Write Brochure.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead, on the edge of Ashdown Forest, gives you comfort, good food and a friendly atmosphere. Club licence. The best air in Sussex and a little spoiling will work wonders if you have been ill. Sharpthorne 17.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

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ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Sea, cliffs, downs. Old Norton House. Sm. luxury hotel, on famous old Green. Rooms of distinction: cent. htg.; excep. food: friendly atmos. 8gns. Brochure. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

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LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book, 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THIS Month's Penguins.—The D.A. Calls It Murder—Erle Stanley Gardner (2s.), Great Expectations—Charles Dickens (3s. 6d.), The Greek Myths (2 vols.)—Robert Graves (3s. 6d. each), The Headmistress—Angela Thirkell (2s. 6d.), Holy Deadlock—Sir Alan Herbert (2s. 6d.), The Rod of Anger—Derrick Nabarro (2s.), Sir John Magill's Last Journey—Freeman Wills Crofts (2s.), Swan Song—Edmund Crispin (2s.). Pelicans: Christian Faith To-day—Stephen Neill (2s. 6d.), Man, Morals and Society—J. C. Flugel (3s. 6d.), Sex and Society—Kenneth Walker and Peter Fletcher (2s. 6d.), Puffin Picture Book: The Building of Ancient Egypt—Richard Leacroft (2s. 6d.). Periodical: Science News 35. Full list of titles from Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, Middx.

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, 13s. 6d. yearly, including postage to any country. Specimen copy 1s. "The Linguist," 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

KRUSHCHEV criticises Architects. Full report of debates at recent Moscow Building Conference. Architecture & Planning Section Bulletin, Vol. 2, Nos. 1 & 2, Feb., 1955. Double number, 3s. (post free 3s. 3d.). From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, London, W.8.

H-WEAPONS to be used by N.A.T.O., the Formosa set-up and rearming Germany—these make a three-pronged strategy of war offensive which is "Playing With Fire," writes R. Palme Dutt in the March "Labour Monthly." Out today. Order 1s. 6d. all newsagents. Or 9s. half-year's sub. from NS, 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

FEBRUARY Choice of the Russia Today Book Club—"Diary of a Schoolteacher" by F. Vigdorova. This book fuses the experiences of young Soviet teachers and can best be described as "Makarenko's methods applied to the ordinary school." 3s. each to members. Delivery from Moscow. Write to RTBC (NN), 36 Spencer Street, E.C.1.

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WANTED: Swedish Linguaphone; Jaques Staunton Chessmen.

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Beginning on Sunday in the

SUNDAY TIMES

ENTERTAINMENTS

EMBASSY. PRI. 2211. 7.30, ex. M. Th. 2.30. S. 5, 8. World of Sholom Aleichem.

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Tues.-Fri. 7.45. Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. (Sun. Club 7.45.) "The Other Animals" by Ewan MacColl.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place (nr. Islington Tn. Hall). Tavistock Rep. in "The Little Foxes" by Lillian Hellman. Fri. Mar. 4, Sat. 5, Sun. 6 (mems. only). Thurs. 10, Fri. 11, Sat. 12, at 7.30. Book CAN. 3475 (9-6), or CAN. 5111 after 7.

MARIONETTE Theatre, Highgate. Perfs. every Sun. at 3 & 7. Seats: GUL. 7208.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). 7.30 (ex. Mon.) St., Sp., 5, 8. "The Ghostwriters." Mems.

UNITY (EUS. 5391). "Green & Pleasant Land," by Leonard Peck. This Fri., Sat. & Sun. only at 7.45. Mems.

SZYMANOWSKI. King Roger. Intro. by Stanford Robinson. Illus. by John Gartside, Roland Jones, Redvers Llewellyn, Bryan Balkwill. Sun., Mar. 6, 8 p.m., 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Bizet. Don Procopio. Intro. by Marcus Dods. Mar. 20. Parties. Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, 69 Kensington Ct., W.8.

"MAGIC Flute": opera lecture-recital will be given by Tom Hammond and singers from the Sadler's Wells Opera on Mozart's "Magic Flute." Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadler's Wells). Mon., Feb. 28, 7.30. Admission free.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657, Ntly. ex. Mon. 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "After the Show." Mems. 10s. yr. incids. Guest Ticket.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Renoir Season. Until Feb. 27: "The Southerner" (A). From Feb. 28: Anna Magnani in "The Golden Coach" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Open to public Sat., Feb. 26. Betty Grable, Dan Dailey in "Mother Wore Tights" (U). 2.0, 4.0, 6.0, 8.0.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3520. Sun., Feb. 27, 7.30: Quattro Passi Fra Le Nuvole. (A.)

INDIA Film Society, 47 Strand, W.C.2, presents "Boot Polish," India's greatest screen presentation of 1954, Mon., Mar. 7, Central Hall, Westminster, S.W.1, at 7.30 p.m. Mem. 10s. p.a.

JORIS Ivens' great new film "Song of the Rivers," made for World Federation of Trade Unions, with Robeson's voice, original score by Shostakovitch, filmed in five continents. Première—Palace Theatre, Cambridge Circus, W.1., Sunday, March 13, 7.30 p.m. Supporting films. Seats 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. and 7s. 6d. from the Education Committee, W.F.T.U. Publications, 6 Chichester Chambers, Chichester Rents, W.C.2. (Cha. 4280) or at door. The story of how the world's peoples live, struggle and hope.

LEWISHAM Film Society. HIT. 5422. Unitarian Church, next Central Library. Fri., Feb. 25 at 8 and Sat., Feb. 26, at 7.15. Buster Keaton in "The General."

LONDON'S Newest Rendezvous. 214 Piccadilly, W.1. Sunday, Feb. 27, from 7.30 p.m. Dancing to the Ernie Ward Trio. Admission 5s. Yearly mem. 1s. (Sunday Club).

GRAND Dance with Swing Serenaders at the Hungarian Club on Saturday, February 26. Admission 4s. Tickets in advance, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2. BAY. 0273.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society Dance at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Saturday, March 5, 7.30 p.m. Admission 3s. (with running buffet).

I.C.A. Dancing to the Dave Stevens Trio, Sat., February 26, 8-11 p.m. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., guests 5s., Membership invited.

SAT., Feb. 26, dance to Ginger Johnson's Latin American Rhythm at Lambeth Town Hall, Brixton Hill, S.W.2. 7.30-11.30. Guests of Honour: His Worship the Mayor, Major H. White, Lt.-Col. Marcus Lipton, M.P. Org. Caribbean Labour Congress L/B.

HAMPSTEAD Arts Ball. Theme: Diaghilevity. Hampstead Town Hall (off Belsize Park Tube), Fri., Mar. 11, 9-2.30 a.m. Special bus to West End and Chelsea. Ban on decor, now lifted. Tickets by post from Catherine Willmer, 5 Lyndhurst Rd., N.W.3, 15s. each. Fancy or Evening Dress.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. "The Genius of Bach." Twelve weekly Bach concerts and organ music. Wednesdays, March 9 to May 25, at 5.45. Geraint Jones Singers and Orchestra, Geraint Jones (organ). Leaflets giving full progs. and tickets (subscriptions available) from Hall (WAT. 3191) and Agents.

SCHUBERT Programme. Trios and Quintet ("The Trout"). Robert Masters Quartet with J. Edward Merritt. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. Saturday, Mar. 5, at 8.15 (WAT. 3191).

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Concert of 18th Century Music. Scarlatti, J. C. Bach, Boccherini, Bach, Purcell, Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room. This Sat., Feb. 26, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

SHOSTAKOVICH: Tenth Symphony. First performance in Britain of controversial latest work. Tape-recording recital, Sun., Feb. 27, 7 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d (S.C.R. and students 1s.)

CONCERTS—continued

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1, Sun., Feb. 27, 8.15 p.m. Heather Harper, mezzo-soprano; Gordon Watson, piano; Alan Loveday, violin; Neville Marriner, violin. Alan Rawsthorne, Theme & variations for two violins; Fartein Valen, Songs, Op. 31 and 39, Piano Sonata, Op. 38; Anton Webern, Vier Lieder, Op. 12; Bela Bartok, Duos for two violins. I.C.A. members free. Non-members & guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

GANYMED Exhibition "Pictures You Can Live With." Granada, Thornton Heath, until March 6. Admission free.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. The Ghika, David Wynne, and Keith Vaughan Exhibitions. 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1. Until March 1.

THE Arts of the T'Ang Dynasty. Exhibition organised by the Oriental Ceramic Society. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till March 30. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission free.

CONTEMPORARY Italian Art. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Closes March 5. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. 100 photographs of the Far East by Werner Bischof. Mon.-Fri. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Suns. Sat. until 1 p.m. Mems. free. Adm. 1s.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Recent Drawings by Josef Herman; Paintings & Theatre Designs by Kenneth Rowell.

100 Watercolours by Beric Young. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall East, S.W.1. Daily 10-5. 1s.

ST. George's Gallery, 7 Cork St., W.1. Paintings of Italy and Greece by Anthony Eyton. Monotypes & Drawings by Eli Montlake. Prints: the latest French Lithographs. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings and Tapestries by Louis Le Brocquy. Closing Feb. 26. From Mar. 1: Sculpture & Drawings by Aristide Maillol.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Souza. 11-5.30 daily.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Adm. Free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Three Young Sculptors. Rosemary Young, Robert Clatworthy, Takis Vassilakis. Till March 4.

PAINTINGS by Patrick Heron. At Symon Quinn Gallery, Victoria Lane, Huddersfield.

EXHIBITION in Paris. The Free Painters Group are holding an Exhibition in Paris for 3 weeks April 13-May 2. Excellent Gallery. Any painters interested please apply Margaret Jador, 149 Edgware Rd., W.2.

BEN Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Paintings by Ziegler. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Till Mar. 28.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Twentieth Century Masters—Boccioni, Braque, Klee, Matisse, Modigliani, Picasso, Severini, etc. Opens Feb. 28.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

GREENWOOD Anthony, M.P. Lecture on: "Britain and the Middle East." Chair: Barnett Janner, M.P. Mon., Feb. 28, 8 p.m., A.I. Club, 43 Great Windmill St., W.1. Arranged by Zionist Federation.

"EDUCATION and Local Government." N. G. Fisher, M.A., giving Sir Philip Magnus Memorial Lecture in College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Sq., on Wed., March 16 at 6.45 p.m. Adm. free.

A. A. BURALL: "Contemporary Frustration." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., February 27, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. March 5 at 6 p.m. Mr. H. Glaserfeld: "Besuch nach Jugoslavien."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., Mar. 3, 7.30: Kenneth Walker, M.A., F.R.C.S., on "Science and Religion." All welcome.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on "The Existentialisms, Atheist and Christian." Wednesday, March 2, 20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2, at 7.30 p.m.

BRITAIN'S H-Bomb. Mass Protest Meeting, Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1., Thurs., March 10, 7.30 p.m. Speakers announced next week. Organised by Standing Joint Pacifist Cttee. EUS. 5501.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Feb. 27. Archibald Robertson, M.A., "Emotion and Reason." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Handbills on request.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CANCELLATION: Owing to unforeseen circumstances the meeting on "Formosa and World Peace" arr. for March 2 at St. Pancras Town Hall has been cancelled.

WELCOME Home Reception from Asian Visit to Mr. & Mrs. D. N. Pritt, Saturday, Feb. 26, 7.30 p.m., Indian Students Union, 41 Fitzroy Square, W.1. Arranged by National Assembly of Women.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Mon., Feb. 28, 7 p.m. Composers' Concourse: Last of a series of 4 lectures on Opera and the British Composer, "The Composing of Opera." Speaker: Wilfrid Mellers. Chairman: John Denison. C.C. members 2s., non-members 3s. Tues., March 1, 8.15 p.m. Lecture: Second of 2 lectures, "The Voice of the Pioneers." Meetings with Marino-Marini, Dubuffet, Chagall, Matisse, Braque, and Picasso, by Dr. J. P. Hodin. Chairman: H. Ruhemann. Members 2s., guests 3s. Wed., March 2, 8.15 p.m. Lecture Series: Influences on Contemporary Literature, I. "Industrial Civilisation and Contemporary Literature," by Professor Charles Madge. Members 2s., guests 3s.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Kenneth Younger, M.P., "Japan and British Policy in the Far East," Wed., March 2, 7.30, at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s. Membership 10s. p.a.

FEB. 25, 7 p.m.: "Shaw, Toynbee, Russell, & Far East" (Victor Purcell); Mar. 25, 7 p.m.: "An Apology at the Age of 70" (A. C. Bouquet on "Religion Today"); both at 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Non-mems. 2s. 6d. (if taken in advance from Shaw Soc., 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18, includes free 3s. booklet, "Shaw on Censorship").

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Mar. 1: Subject "Contemporary Russian Literature and the State." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. To-night, Friday, Feb. 25: J. Addison, "What is the Value of History?" Friday, Mar. 4: E. Korving, "What did happen in the Beginning?" Admission free.

"NUCLEAR Explosions—their long-term effects." Science for Peace Conference. Sat., March 26, 2-6 p.m. Holborn Assembly Hall. Admission 2s. 6d. Details from Miss E. Parfitt, 18 Fortismere Avenue, N.10.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. Fri., Feb. 25, 8 p.m. Oda Slobodskaya, Russian Songs (Glinka, Mussorgsky, Prokofiev, Khachaturian). Fri., Mar. 4, Cello Recital, Maurice Eisenberg; accompanist, Norah Newby (Dvorak, Stravinsky, Prokofiev, Nadia Boulanger). Mon., Mar. 7, Svetlana Beriosova, "My life in Ballet."

VIRGINIA Flemming: "Emergence of Responsible Persons." New Generation Group, Burgh House, Flask Walk, Nr. Hampstead Tube, Mon., Feb. 28, at 8.

JOHN Watson on "The Psychiatrist and the Juvenile Courts." Wed., Mar. 9, 7 p.m., St. George's Institute, Bourdon St., W.1. Tkts. 2s. at door or from I.S.T.D., 8, Bourdon St., Davies St., W.1.

"SOCIAL Realism." Illustrated lecture by John Berger, Friday, Feb. 25, 8 p.m. Admission 2s., students 1s. Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, Hampstead, N.W.3.

"CAUSALITY & Quantum Theory": Dr. Vigier (Sorbonne, Paris), Feb. 28, 7.45. Marx House, 37 Clerkenwell Green, E.C.1.

ALL Nations Social Club. "S.E.A.T.O.—Danger or Defence?" by Andrew Roth (well-known freelance journalist, author of "Dilemma in Japan," etc.). Wed., March 2, 8 p.m., 83 Chiltern St. (nr. Baker St. Stn.). Questions & discn. Non-mem. 1s. 6d. at door.

BACKWARD Children in U.S.S.R. John McLeish, psychology lecturer (visited U.S.S.R. Sept., 1954). Thurs., Mar. 3, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students, 1s.).

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Meeting at Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Wednesday, March 2, 6.30 p.m. "Buddhism in the Western World." Kapilavaddho Bhikku.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture Sundays, 8 p.m. February 27: "Basic Principles of Theosophy."

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, Fri., March 4. Commander T. S. L. Fox-Pitt, "African Education and Advancement." 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

YOGA and Practical Mysticism—Lunch Hour Talks every Friday, 1.10 p.m., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2 (behind the Chicken Inn). February 25, Conscious Living. March 4, The Spirit of Independence. Adm. free. Arr. Shanti Sadan.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "The Anglo-Saxon Script on the Continent" will be given by Dr. Bernhard Bischoff (Munich) at 5.30 p.m. on March 2, 3 and 4, at University College (Anatomy Theatre), Gower Street, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Week-end School at Hastings, March 4-6, on "The Muslim World." Speakers from Pakistan and the Middle East. Visitors welcome. Cost, excluding coach, £2 7s. 6d. For further details write or 'phone Miss Sylvia Stratford-Lawrence, 1 Lucerna House, 352 Hornsey Road, N.7. (ARC. 6289.)

LECTURE-Demonstration on Yoga. The third Lecture of the series, entitled "Yoga & Society," will be held at 6 Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.3, on Wednesday, March 2, at 8 p.m. Admission: Non-Members 3s. 6d., Members 2s. 6d. Applications for Tickets to the Secretary, 6 Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3. Telephone: SLOane 6967.

SPAIN. Borough Bottega de Londres. Ronda, Spain. Supervision David Bomberg. Centre established for painting. Professionals, individuals, groups, students all countries. 5gns. wkly., including outside pension. (Camping available from April.) App. Sec., Villa Paz, Casa Mondragon, Ronda Andalucia, Spain. Enc. International Coupon. Annual Exhibition Borough Bottega Walkers Galleries, 118 New Bond St., March 21.

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EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

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PERSONAL

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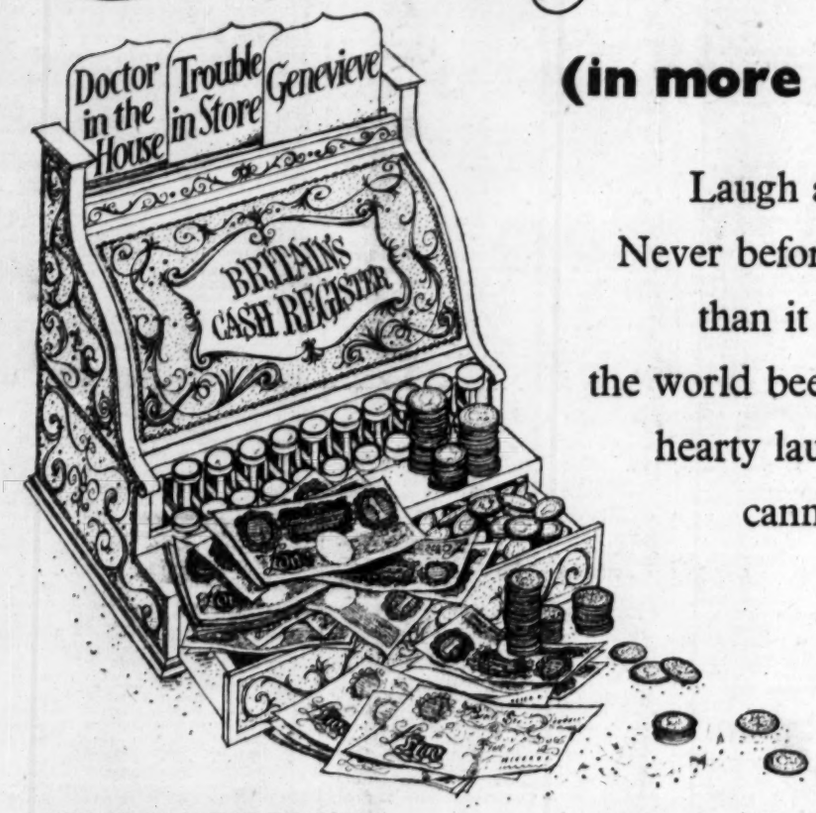
(in more ways than one)



Laugh and the world laughs with you! Never before was that old saying truer than it is today. And never has the world been in greater need of a good hearty laugh — for laughter and hate cannot live long in the same house.

'DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE'

Included in the 'best films of the year' lists by seven British national newspapers.

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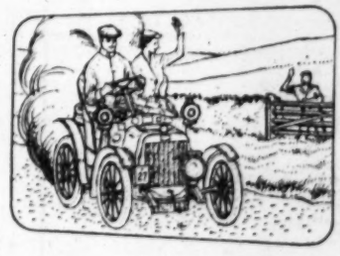

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THE J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED

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